THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

[The following poem comes to us like a strong, sweet voice from the tomb. It is difficult to realize that the earnest eyes that looked upon the lines as the pen traced in language the beautiful sentiments of a superior mind, are closed forever. How beautiful her life was, those only know who came within the circle of her influence. Of herself she once said: "Strange to say, the happiest moments of my life have been passed with a Bible upon my knee, a crushed hope in my heart." She was no stranger to sorrow; but a strong, brave, true woman, who took up her cross and bore it meekly to the end. As we look upon these lines, penned years ago, before the hope had "gone out like a watched and fading fire, leaving only cold ashes upon the hearth," unbidden tears will gather—a thousand memories will return, bringing the earnest longing for the clasp of a hand that will linger no more on ours—the sound of a voice that is mute forever.—*Ed. of Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"The Syrians have said, the Lord is God of the hills, but He is not God of the valleys."

LINES.

Not only they, in later time
The doctrine wanders far and wide,
As well in sunny Christian climes
As where the Syrian boaster died.
Since Israel stood at Sinai's base,
And Sinai's mountain glories saw,
Yet in the valley dared to place
An idol on his broken law.

In every age and nation lives,
The spirit now that acted then,
In every state the impulse gives
Most powerful to misguided men.
The mighty deeds that mortals do
Admiring human gaze have caught
But God will fix His searching view
Upon the valley land of thought.

There spring the tides whose mystic flow
Will circle to the bounds of time,
There influence is born to go,
Far outward to remotest clime.
We know the fixed eternal eyes
Will scan the height of earthly fame,
But will not pass unheeding by
Obscurity's most lonely name,

Where dauntless martyr feet have trod
Is left a line of living light,
Their prison chain and burial sod
Is hallowed ground to mortal sight.
But here and there an unknown one
With God will equal title take,
Who held life's suffering cup alone
And drank in silence for His sake.

One day in seven believers bow,
As worshippers at holy shrine.
And touch with reverend lip and brow
The Sacramental bread and wine.
'Tis high and solemn thing to stand
So far ascended, near to heaven,
But ah! the six days, valley land
Between those elevations given.

The weary lot of daily care
Must every mortal foot pass through,
Amid that chill and dusky air
The Master went and calleth you.
The darkest way by sorrow trod,
Where shades are deep and longest cast,
Is nearest, like the path which God
To bring us bright redemption passed.

There's difference in the work to do,
But far and wide the race of man
Are slow, and surely working through
Eternity's stupendous plan.
In homes where life is still and calm,
Where feeling sleeps a lake of light,
In temples where the holy psalm
Is chanted in the starry night

Across the wave whose silver tide
Hath touched the lip of India's strand,
To where the Alpine wreath is tied
Around the Switzer's fatherland.
Go, champion, gird thine armor on,
No matter where the station found
So thou art there, an humble one,
To labor on appointed ground.

By faithful feet who walk with God
Along the vale of earthly strife
Will be one day in glory trod
The highlands of eternal life.

JULIA S——.

Good for the Contingency.

A suffering mother, appealing to her boy for sympathy, exclaimed:

"Oh, Charlie, mamma's head aches! Can't you play without making so much noise? Suppose poor mamma should fall sick and die?"

"Well," answered the tiny man gravely, "I guess I should have to det married adain."

☞ "There's two ways of doing it," said Pat, to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEY'S *DIPLOMACY*," &c.

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Determined at least to meet his ill fortune with as good grace as did this stripling, he sprang lightly from his recumbent posture with a cheery good morning; complimented St. Anna upon his success in the culinary line, not forgetting to chide him withal for leaving him to slumber like a sluggard, while he was busied for their mutual benefit.

St. Anna seemed greatly pleased at finding his friend in such excellent spirits, and became gay as a lark, depicting with boyish enthusiasm the manifold delights of such a life as the future promised them; "that is," he said, at the close of one of his brilliant perorations on this fruitful theme, "unless our island proves on examination to be most unpardonably ill supplied with animal life and the usual spontaneous productions of the tropics, and what more could we want to make us comfortable as dukes? for the salubrity of the climate I think I am prepared to vouch now, from what I've already seen of it."

"And a morning walk will go a long way toward solving the other problems," Mr. Ildreth said, rising, and then added more gravely, "it will also enable me to fulfil the duty that brought me here."

"It must have been an important one that would warrant so much trouble and the expenditure of so much time and money. Can you explain it, or does it involve a secret?"

"It *did* involve a secret that as yet I have imparted to no one, nor is it known except to one other person that I am aware of, still there were no injunctions of secrecy accompanying its confidence to me, and there can be no impropriety in imparting it to you, as indeed I must have done in certain contingencies, and to others beside."

Mr. Ildreth then related as concisely as possible the sad episode in his uncle's life, and explained the testamentary instructions that entailed upon him the voyage thus unhappily terminated.

St. Anna listened with breathless attention, and his rapidly changing color bore evidence of the deep, painful impression the recital had made upon his peculiarly sensitive imagination.

"If those two persons loved each other," he said, with a strange light gleaming from his expressive eyes, "how supremely happy they must have been here! Santa Maria! that would have been the last punishment I should have hit upon. I would have left one here and carried the other to the further side of the world, but to leave them together! upon my word, it was the stupidest thing I ever heard of."

"Perhaps it was, but I am free to confess I should have regarded being left here under such circumstances quite in the light of punishment. Leaving conscience out of the question, which would be apt to keep tolerably active in a retired nook like this, where a fellow has nothing but his sins to think about, I am of the opinion I should weary of the society of the most adorable mistress after a few years' solitary residence with her on this island."

"Those who love never weary of each other."

"That may be true of an honest affection, but a lawless passion is generally as short-lived as it is disastrous; but waiving that, the bare idea of losing my companion by death, and being left in absolute solitude, would be sufficient to deprive me of all enjoyment."

"That would be horrible, though you could die too; but enough of this. Let us see, for God's sake, whether there really are other human beings here besides ourselves."

"I think it altogether improbable, nevertheless we will see."

"And without delay," St. Anna said, impatiently. "The idea that there may be people here—here, where I thought there were only us two, is unendurable."

With a manner that indicated far more excitement than the circumstances, singular as they were, seemed to warrant, the youth threw his fowling piece over his shoulder and strode away so rapidly that Mr. Ildreth had some difficulty in keeping pace with him. He struck directly inland, as if with the intention of traversing the island centrally, and as it really made no difference where or how their search was commenced, the other followed his lead without offering any suggestions.

For a little distance the way was open and unobstructed, but as they advanced the land gradually rose, and was covered by a growth of low bushes and stunted trees, interspersed with several varieties of cacti, forming a sort of outworks to the forest, by which the interior of the island seemed to be partially covered, as had been remarked before they left the vessel.

The forest was by no means so dense as is usually the case in the tropics, and on gaining it the travellers pursued their way without difficulty, now emerging into open glades, and now traversing deeply shaded dells, into which the rays of the morning sun scarcely penetrated. They had advanced in this manner nearly a mile, when St. Anna, who was still in advance, stopped suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise, almost of terror.

"What is it?" Wayne asked, nervously.

"Look yonder," was the laconic answer, and following the direction indicated, he saw through a narrow rift in the leafy canopy that overspread them what seemed to be a portion of the rude wall of a sylvan cottage nestling among the trees and looking out upon the ocean that reflected the sunshine a little way beyond.

For some moments both stood still, and neither spoke. There was something so strange and awful in thus coming upon the signs of humanity in that solitude, though such signs had been half anticipated, and the uncertainty as to what a further search might reveal, that both were conscious of the same feeling of reluctance to proceed—the same curiosity urging them on.

"There's no smoke curling from that chimney," St. Anna said, in an agitated voice.

"Nor any sign of life thereabout," Mr. Ildreth responded in the same tone.

"There is but one way to solve the mystery," St. Anna continued, moving resolutely forward. "Five minutes will show what that hut contains. Santa Maria! if we should find human beings there!"

Hurrying forward they soon came into full view of the structure. It was of the smallest and rudest description, constructed of logs, and had originally been thatched with the leaves of the wild bansha, but the covering was hanging in loose tatters, the walls were weather beaten and decaying, and an air of desolation and neglect pervaded it on every side, utterly incompatible with the idea of its being the abode of living inmates.

A hedge of cacti, now growing rank and wild, as though long untouched by human hand, surrounded a little enclosure in which the cottage stood, and had the general appearance of having once been used as a garden, but few traces of cultivation were now anywhere visible, save that here and there could be seen the outline of what had evidently once been flower beds, fenced off into little oblong squares, by rows of variegated pebbles brought from the sea shore. All, all was desolate.

Passing round to the front, they came upon an aperture in the hedge, evidently left for the purpose of ingress, and stood before the ruined dwelling. The door was closed, and just in front of it stood a wide spreading tree. They advanced towards it, but it was only when they stood beneath the shelter of its extended branches that they detected, half overgrown by vegetation, a low mound. There was a smooth stone standing all awry at one extremity. Wayne Ildreth bent over it, put aside the matted vines and grass, and read with emotions it would be difficult to describe, in the rude irregular characters that had evidently been engraven by an unskillful hand:

RICHARD MALLISTHEN, who died August 20, A. D. 18—, and was buried by the unaided hands of a woman, his sole companion.

"God help her! He did not live quite a year!" Mr. Ildreth said, with a shudder. "Poor thing! What was her fate?"

"She was reserved for the greater punishment, of course," St. Anna answered, bitterly. "He died—she lived; but our search is not finished yet."

"No, there may be some record of her," Mr. Ildreth said, as he advanced, thrust open the door, that fell inward with a dead, dull crash, and together they entered the deserted cottage.

CHAPTER XIX.

There are few places that present a more thoroughly depressing appearance than the interior of a long deserted dwelling, and Mr. Ildreth and his companion experienced a thrill of emotion upon which they would have found it difficult to bestow a fitting name as they crossed the threshold and stood within a rude and half ruined apartment.

Their entrance disturbed a gigantic lizard that decamped with all possible rapidity, and a pair of centipedes darted up the wall and were out of sight almost before they could obtain a glimpse of their ugly proportions. Half-a-dozen large bats were clinging to a rafter, and an ugly black ball that seemed attached to nothing close up under the thatch warned the quick eye of St. Anna of the presence of a tarantula.

Dust, mildew, and decay were everywhere—covering the smooth stones that composed the floor, between the crevices of which grass was springing, and a few ghostly ferns that loved the deep shadow, and pervading the walls now covered with many fungi excrescences, and promising to be a favorite retreat for the reptile life with which the tropical world abounds. There were hooks to which a hammock had evidently once been swung, and in one corner upon a bracket was a little crucifix carved from ivory, but there was nothing else to indicate that it had ever been inhabited until as St. Anna's eye roved searchingly around, it rested upon a tiny object that glittered almost at his feet. He stooped and picked it up—a little golden trinket common enough everywhere. It was a woman's thimble.

"There's no other record of her here," the boy said as he turned it in his hand. "What became of her?"

"God only knows. She could hardly have died in this place. There would have been some remains of mortality here had that been the case, besides the house has evidently been stripped of whatever it must have once contained to be habitable. She found some means to leave the island, you may depend."

"It is more likely she collected her household belongings into a funeral pyre upon which she voluntarily died."

"Good heavens! St. Anna what could have put such a horrible idea into your head? You forget this unfortunate woman was not born on the banks of the Ganges, and in all probability was not a believer in the peculiar tenets of the Hindoo faith."

"I should infer as much, from the fact that she buried instead of burned the body of her lover, and I also perceive that when that grave closed she was alone. Now consider a moment—a woman, and alone in this place, digging with her own weak hands her lover's grave, with a solemn consciousness stealing in and crushing the life out of her very soul, that there was none to perform that office for her. A woman does not like to think her person is to be exposed after death to the pitiless elements, perhaps be torn by beasts of prey—there is something in the idea from which her delicacy revolts, and as there was clearly worse than nothing for her in life what is more probable than her seeking the only death that would afford certain sepulchre to her poor body."

"That's an extraordinary imagination of yours, my dear fellow, but you are poorly read in the nature of woman if you deem it possible one would resort to such a frightful method of suicide under any circumstances."

"Perhaps I do understand little of the thoughts, feelings and emotions of a *true* woman," St. Anna answered with a dreary sigh, "God only knows, and He keeps His own secrets."

"Well, it's not a matter of such importance that you should take what I said in so serious a light," Wayne said in a conciliating way.

St. Anna replied by a bitter ironical laugh that was too deeply tinctured with misanthropy and heart weariness to proceed from such youthful lips.

"You're a strange boy," Mr. Ildreth continued, "as full of whims and fancies as a school girl. Upon my word I don't understand you."

"Don't try then, but take me as you find me, and set down any eccentricities you may discover in my character, as the vagaries of a boy who has had a curious life, and been the creature of circumstances quite out of the common order. Let's set this old ruin on fire and go."

"We will do nothing of the kind. Let it go to destruction in its own natural way. Come along—we can only be certain that the woman really has found means to escape from the island when we are satisfied by actual exploration that she is not living here in some out of the way cave or nook like a savage."

"That's true," St. Anna answered, all interested again. "As you say we cannot be absolutely certain we're alone here until we've examined the place thoroughly, although I feel a strong conviction we are. The woman destroyed herself without doubt—she must have done so."

With one more glance around the ruined cottage to assure themselves that they had overlooked nothing that would afford the smallest clue to the unravelling of the mystery, they passed out, restored the fallen door to its place, and turned away, St. Anna again taking the lead, and moving so deftly and with such celerity, that as before Mr. Ildreth had much ado to keep pace with him.

The afternoon was well advanced when they finally regained the spot where they had passed the preceding night, and found their camp in every respect as they had left it, a significant circumstance with but one interpretation—there was none to disturb their possession. Their day's exploration had told the same story—they had traversed their little kingdom in every direction, and there was no longer room for questioning that they were absolutely alone.

As this fact became gradually more manifest, St. Anna's spirits rose, and by the time they reached their camp one would have inferred from his manner that the position in which he found himself placed was the one of all others he would have voluntarily chosen. Mr. Ildreth noticed it as indeed he could not avoid doing, but was at a loss whether to attribute it to an inborn love of adventure or to some subtle mental peculiarity he could neither name nor define, for the experience of that day had shown him glimpses of his companion's character which was beyond his skill to fathom, and he gave the subject up, leaving him unmolested by questions, to enjoy his exuberant animal spirits.

The meal that was to serve the double purpose of dinner and supper was prepared and quickly disposed of, and then the two companions threw themselves upon the grass, and while Mr. Ildreth enjoyed his cigar, St. Anna in a clear musical voice carolled forth some old Spanish ditty, that as a matter of course turned upon love and constancy, or in other words was perfectly in keeping with one prominent phrase of the minstrel's whimsical character.

Suddenly, however, he left off his singing, and became unwontedly grave, and Mr. Ildreth, who had been idly watching him, inquired of what he was thinking.

"Of Gertrude," he answered, rising, and moving restlessly about, "I wonder if she is safe on board that infernal Calypso?"

"The good and innocent are seldom safe in the hands of such men as Ralph Gale and his lawless crew," was Mr. Ildreth's gloomy answer. "It is the hardest part of my captivity, that I know the imminent danger by which she is menaced, and am powerless to aid her."

St. Anna's eyes became luminous, and it was evidently his mercurial temper was undergoing another change.

"She has her father," he said thoughtfully, after a moment's pause, "and Captain Gale, double-dyed villain as he is, loves her vehemently—even villains have some human feelings, I suppose, at least they would not wish to harm those they are attached to, and his authority would suffice to protect her from the violence of his crew, were they inclined to put out of the way one who could bear witness against them."

"It is because Ralph Gale does entertain a ferocious passion for Gertrude Fay that I am chiefly apprehensive. He is utterly lawless—he knows no rule but his own fierce will—"

"I don't understand you at all."

"You can surely understand *this*, that Ralph will hesitate at the commission of no outrage for the gratification of his passions, and what protection can the weak arm of her invalid father afford her against him and the ruffians who sail in his company?"

"Your words still convey no meaning to me, except that you believe Gertrude to be threatened by some frightful danger that makes me shudder as though there was a serpent coiled about my person, without at all comprehending what it is. Speak more plainly and at once. I *will* know without any circumlocution what this is to which you allude."

Mr. Ildreth regarded the speaker in astonishment, that a youth with St. Anna's almost intuitive perception of which he had ample and frequent proof, should fail to comprehend his full meaning on the instant, seemed incredible, but there he stood with an expression on his earnest, handsome face, totally at variance with the idea that he was jesting, and without further hesitation he explained the situation in which the object of their mutual solicitude was placed.

St. Anna stood for a moment perfectly motionless. The blood rushed in a crimson torrent over his face and neck—his eyes dilated, and a shiver ran through his frame as though he had been struck with a sudden chill. One quick, nervous step brought him to Mr. Ildreth's side, and one small white hand was laid on his shoulder with a force no one would have given the delicate member credit for possessing.

"Wayne Ildreth," he said, "I thank God the idea of such monstrous wickedness never before entered my mind, and even now, it passes my comprehension so far that I seem to suffer from a nightmare so inconceivably hideous that my flesh creeps. Were I the solitary inmate of a dungeon cell, infested with the most loathsome reptiles that crawled over me night and day, I could not feel a more absolute horror than your words have awakened in my heart, but she shall be saved, if there is a God, which, may Heaven forgive me! I sometimes doubt. We must go to her—now—this instant. There is no time to lose—we have wasted too much already."

"You forget my boy, that to go to her assistance is impossible—she's on the ocean—we on this wretched desert island."

"Who talks of impossibilities when a woman's honor is at stake?" St. Anna cried fiercely, "we're a boat supplied with sails and spar, and the wind and sea are as much our servants as Ralph Gale's."

"But do you consider, that admitting it was anything short of sheer madness to trust ourselves to such a craft for such a voyage, that we know absolutely nothing as to the part of the world they have steered for."

"May Satan confound you, and all your matter of fact reasoning," St. Anna said, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Remain here if you will, I go to the rescue of Gertrude, and you will stop me at your peril."

"You are causelessly angry, my boy. I have no intention of trying to stop you. You propose what I regard as little better than suicide, but you shall not make the attempt alone. If you go, I am with you."

"Come on, then, in God's name. The undertaking is not so desperate as you imagine. I understand the management of a boat thoroughly, and it is the peaceful Pacific we are to traverse. Come on—come on."

As though life depended on his energy and promptness, St. Anna set about their preparations for departure. The boat was dragged down to the water again—the mast stepped and the canvas bent. Such articles as had been unladen were re-stowed, a water-tight locker was filled from a limpid stream hard by, and in an hour everything was in readiness.

As the sun was setting, and its yellow rays falling aslant on the water, he took his place in the stern sheets, with his hand on the helm, and Mr. Ildreth obeying his peremptory directions, succeeded in hoisting the mainsail and jib that swelled out before a gentle breeze, the boat glided seaward, and they had commenced their adventurous voyage.

Of that voyage, it is not our purpose to speak

in detail, and it will be sufficient to say in this place that St. Anna had not overrated his ability as a navigator—his presence of mind never failed him—his endurance seemed exhaustless—his resources manifold. Owing to his forethought, the boat was well provisioned before they left the brigantine, and no trouble was to be apprehended in that direction, unless their voyage should be prolonged far beyond the period he anticipated.

He had settled in his own mind that the brigantine had steered in the direction of Valparaiso, and for that port he consequently laid his course more accurately than would have been possible, had it not have been one of his whims to keep a sort of log of the Calypso's run, from which he deduced an idea of their actual position that was not very far wrong. The light winds they encountered were more favorable to the boat than the Calypso, and while that was lying almost becalmed, as has been seen in a preceding chapter, the former was making fair progress, and consequently, accidents aside, the chances were of its reaching their port nearly if not quite as soon as the larger vessel, which, it will be remembered, Mr. Conrood had ingeniously headed for the same point.

CHAPTER XX.

With the shock of the final catastrophe, Gertrude became insensible. Her last confused recollection was of a crash—a blaze of light—a sense of suffocation, and finally of being clasped in the arms of some one, and dashing water all around them.

When consciousness returned, she was lying on the ground, her head supported on an arm she felt rather than saw was Captain Gale's, and the unutterable repugnance she felt to his presence served to restore her more completely and instantaneously than anything else could have done.

"Where am I, and what has happened?" she said, rising to her feet and shrinking away from him, with a loathing and abhorrence it was impossible entirely to suppress.

"Safe, and I trust unharmed," Captain Gale answered, with the grave, deferential courtesy he so well knew how to assume when it suited his purpose, "and with one to whom your safety is most precious. We have had a narrow escape—my vessel is a hopeless wreck, and all that I possessed is irredeemably gone, but I count my loss as nothing, inasmuch as Providence has been pleased to preserve *your* life."

"Cease this cruel mockery, Captain Gale, if you are human, and tell me if we are the only ones who have escaped. Do you know anything of my father? Has he perished?"

"I have been too fully occupied with my attention to you to take note of aught else, but I very much fear there are few, if any, left to repeat the story of to-night's adventure besides ourselves, for which we have to thank my bungling mate. When I reached the deck, and had seen at a glance the peril we were in, although previously somewhat under the influence of a bottle of wine of which I had been partaking in company with your excellent father, I perceived the necessity of prompt action, and, taking you in my arms, was happily enabled to reach the shore. Who else has had the same fortune I am as ignorant as yourself."

"Then I am alone, with no one to save me!" cried the agonized girl, "Oh! my father, if I could have died with you!"

"Not alone, my sweet Gertrude," Ralph said, unable longer to conceal the triumph he felt under his assumed manner. "You must be convinced by this time that to escape from me, is impossible. We are alone here on the wilderness shore of South America. The Providence on which you have been taught to trust has manifestly assigned you to my arms—why contend against fate. You must be mine."

He advanced towards her, and would have encircled her again with his arm, but a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, forcibly detaining him where he stood. He turned savagely to discover who had the temerity thus to interpose a restraint upon his actions, and came face to face with Mr. Coonrod.

"What's the meaning of this, sir," he demanded, in the imperious manner by which he was accustomed to overawe his ruffian crew.

"You're an unpious cuss, Capting, to speak of Providence in that ere way," was the cool rejoinder, "and now I want you to cut adrift from this young woman—hist all sail, and steer for t'other side o' creation jest as fast as yeou can conveenently get about it."

"You insolent dog! are you tired of living, that you dare to oppose my will in this manner?"

"I can't say as I'm any ways weary o' life, Capting, but I du feel most cussedly like committin' murder, and if yeou don't get underway in about one minute, may I never see Inter Bay again, if I don't make a hole in your carcass that'll let out some of the wust blood that ever ron in a human critter's veins."

"The devil shall have the pleasure of your company to breakfast, my meddlesome friend," Ralph Gale said, almost foaming with rage as he drew the long heavy bowie knife he habitually wore, and rushed upon his adversary.

"Or yeourn, which would be more agreeable tu him, I'm thinkin', considerin' your long and intimate acquaintance," said the perfectly unmoved Long Islander, drawing a similar weapon he had worn in secret for many days, and standing on the defensive. "Yeour pa is safe, Miss Gertrude, though his wits was a bit tangled when we landed. Rouse him up, and make a break for the timber. I'll foller when I've settled this little bizness with the Capting."

"Hell is your next port, my fine fellow, and you're running in so close it's high time you were taking in your light canvas," Ralph said, with a devilish facetiousness, and striving as he spoke to close in with his intended victim, which the latter, cool and unruffled even in the presence of that madman thirsting for his blood, skillfully evaded.

The unexpectedness of this mediation in her favor had effectually scattered Gertrude's recovered senses, and she stood transfixed, incapable of motion, until her friend addressed her, which he did without taking his wary eye from the face of Ralph Gale. That roused her again, and glancing hastily around, she saw through the gloom, now partially dispelled, for the storm had passed as quickly as it had arisen, and the moon was already breaking through the rifts of cloud that scudded rapidly over the sky. She saw the figure of her father seated at a little distance, on the ground, resting his head upon his hand, as though bewildered or suffering from some injury. The same glance included another object, nothing more nor less than St. Anna's *macho*, that had just been unceremoniously tumbled on shore by a breaker, and was looking about him, evidently considering the probable terminus of such a very extraordinary adventure.

A happy inspiration occurred to Gertrude—she was a fearless and accomplished horsewoman, and here was the means at hand for escaping more rapidly from the dangerous vicinity than it was possible to do by her own unaided strength. With her faculties all aroused and active, and urged on by overwhelming fear, she cautiously advanced toward the dripping *macho*, who permitted her to approach him and seize the tether by which he had been secured on shipboard, and still wore. She then went up to her father. "Father," she said, speaking rapidly and earnestly the sooner to arrest his wandering attention, "we're in great danger, and are lost, utterly lost, unless we can make our escape this instant."

At the sound of her voice he arose to his feet, but it was evident from the bewildered look he threw around him, that he understood but imperfectly the import of her words. "What are you doing with that mule?" he said, slowly, "where are you going?"

Gertrude was in a perfect agony of terror, and not without good reason, for the sound of the fierce contest upon which hung such momentous consequences, struck upon her senses like a knell, warning her to be gone, while flight was yet possible. Springing lightly upon the back of the docile *macho*, she addressed her half stunned and wondering parent once more.

"Father!" she cried, "If you have any love for me—if you would not consign me to a fate a thousand times worse than death, do not hesitate another fragment of an instant, but mount with me, and let us ride away."

There was something in her terrified earnestness that seemed to dispel the cloud resting on her father's intellect, and to impress him with the necessity of at once yielding obedience to her direction, and, without a word, he sprung up before her, seized the tether in his hand, and the next moment, the tough little animal, seemingly unmindful of the double burden he carried, plunged into the forest in the most accessible direction, rapidly leaving behind him the fiercely contending combatants.

The combined effects of fresh air and equestrian exercise soon restored Mr. Fay completely, and when Gertrude became aware of this, she hastily informed him of their real situation, and of all she had endured in silence so long. Her father listened with indignation and horror to the story of what she had passed through while he, misled by Ralph Gale's supreme duplicity and assurance, had supposed they were securely sailing in a vessel manned by rough but honest-hearted sailors, and commanded by an accomplished, high-minded gentleman, and as the man's tremendous wickedness was revealed to him in all its monstrous enormity, and a full sense of what they had thus far escaped dawned upon him, a fervent thanksgiving was in his heart, and a silent prayer went up that Omnipotence would guide and guard them through the perils by which they might still be environed.

In the meantime, the brave little *macho* behaved admirably, pushing steadily on as though aware of how much depended upon his speed and endurance, and picking his tangled way with a discretion exhibited by no other beast of burden save the species to which he belonged.

Light was beginning to glimmer faintly in the east, when they emerged from the dark forest through which their way had thus far lain, into a comparatively open glade, where for the first time Mr. Fay stayed their progress, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, some idea of the direction in which they were travelling, and to observe if there were any indications of their approach to civilized humanity. But the halt was scarcely effected when a tall, dark man, whose deeply bronzed face and peculiar features bespoke his Arabian origin, stood before them, and was followed by another and another until they were surrounded by half a dozen armed and desperate looking vagabonds, evidently representing almost as many different nationalities, who presented their weapons in silence, while the first, who seemed to be their leader, ordered them briefly and peremptorily to dismount.

With a heart filled with fearful forebodings that they had escaped from one danger only to fall into the jaws of another no less disastrous, Mr. Fay was about to comply, knowing that to refuse would be worse than useless, when in obedience to a sudden impulse he made a hasty sign, little hoping it would be recognized, but it was his last resource, and he availed himself of it as drowning men are said to grasp at straws.

The swarthy leader of the banditti, stopped and looked at him fixedly. "God is great, and Mohammed is His prophet!" he said in a deep, sonorous voice, "I would speak with you for a moment aside."

With a half-formed ray of hope stealing into his anxious mind, Mr. Fay alighted and followed the Arab to a little distance, conscious that they were accompanied by the wondering glances of the rest of the outlaws. At length the Arab paused and silently extended his hand, which the other grasped, and as the hands met a token was exchanged, known and recognized by men of every nation under heaven, and the two, in all else so wide apart, had found one level where they could stand together and know each other for brethren of the same ubiquitous order whose mysterious bands of fraternity had asserted their influence over the mind of a man dead to every other restraining power.

"You are safe with me, brother," continued the Arab, in the same disjointed dialect in which he had first spoken, which as it would be almost unintelligible to the general reader we translate into plain English.

"I cannot doubt it, and it relieves me of a fearful load of anxiety. We have just escaped alive from shipwreck, and unharmed from the power of a devil in human shape, consequently you can imagine my feelings when I saw myself surrounded by your followers. It seemed as though we had been deserted by God."

"God is merciful," was the serious, reverently spoken response of the other, which would have astonished his listener had he not been able to reconcile the seeming incongruity by detecting as he had done the nationality and religion of the speaker.

"You are an Arabian," Mr. Fay said. "You have put off your Oriental costume, but I have been too much among your people not to recognize one of them in any part of the world."

"Allah be praised! I am. I was born in the land of Idumea, but you are wearied with journeying and would rest. Is the damsel your child, brother?"

"My only child," was the answer spoken with deep feeling.

"She shall be cared for as well as circumstances will permit—she is of a beautiful countenance, and should not go uncovered, though such is the manner of the Franks."

The wonder with which the banditti had observed this friendly conference between their chief and the wayfarer, whose journey they had thus unceremoniously interrupted was in no wise diminished when they saw them embrace after the Oriental fashion, and in a few words were given to understand that the travellers were his friends, and were to be conducted immediately to the headquarters of the band and treated with every attention.

These orders were evidently not precisely in accordance with the dispositions of those to whom they were directed, but the habit of obedience to their acknowledged leader prevailed, and without any expressed objection they took up their line of march, the Idumean and Mr. Fay in advance, and the rest forming a sort of guard of honor around Gertrude, who was still mounted on the *macho*. To what they owed their deliverance she vainly puzzled her brain to comprehend, but her father and this strange dark man had certainly arrived at a perfectly amicable understanding, which relieved her mind of all apprehension of immediate danger, and knowing an explanation would be given in due time, she rode on with a lighter and a thankful heart, silently noting the singular costume and bearing of her attendants, and wondering who and what they could be.

An hour's brisk travel brought them to a secluded dell, hemmed in on three sides by high precipitous hills, so perpendicular and ragged with projecting rocks, that they had the appearance of being literally inaccessible to human feet, while the fourth was defended by a deep chasm or ravine through which a mountain torrent made its headlong course, and across which there seemed to be no passage, until the Idumean showed a point where the opposing rocks were only separated by an intervening space of five or six feet. Over this he sprang lightly, followed by Mr. Fay and his own retainers, and the *macho*, with Gertrude on his back brought up the rear, clearing the chasm handsomely at a bound.

A little collection of thatched casa now came into view, and toward the most pretentious the Idumean conducted his guest, while his followers dispersed to their several places of abode, no doubt for the purpose of spreading the news and talking over the strange arrivals, and endeavored to find a solution for this mysterious proceeding on the part of their chief, by nature and religion a sort of highwayman, who had interposed his authority and taken under his own protection these persons, who from their appearance were worth a round ransom.

As their conductor opened the door to give them admission to his dwelling a woman rose to meet them, whose singular appearance was so incongruous with her surroundings, that Gertrude could not help regarding her with wondering curiosity.

She was below the middle height, and must in youth have possessed a form of exquisite proportions and a face of far more than ordinary beauty. Traces of both could still be discerned, though years, how many it was impossible to conjecture, had nearly obliterated all womanly charms, and left her only the wan, haggard wreck of what had been. But it was not years alone Gertrude felt instinctively that had wrought the changes it was so obvious had been wrought in the face and form she saw, for the former wore a settled look of such brooding, haunting terror, with which was blended an expression of such unutterable anguish, marking it with lines such as years alone never leave on the human countenance. Her hair, that was still luxuriant, and had originally been of the darkest raven hue, was variegated with great splashes of gray that lay upon it like unwholesome mildew, and though her eye had lost nothing of its fire, she seemed feeble, worn, and an invalid.

Her dress was of a nondescript character, impossible to describe, that would not have seemed preposterous for any nation, save a civilized one; yet with all these disadvantages there was something in her presence and manner that told Gertrude instantly that she was a woman who had once been familiar with refined and cultivated society, and except so far as she had changed her own nature, or it had been changed by circumstances, was as out of place in that little *casa*, in the heart of a South American forest, as the man who seemed to be her companion would have been promenading the fashionable side of Broadway in full evening costume.

"May Allah preserve us!" said the Idumean, addressing the solitary occupant of the *casa*. "I bring with me two travellers. The ship in which they sailed was dashed in pieces in the storm last night—they wandered into the forest, where I found them. The man is my brother—the damsel is the child of his old age—the solitary lamb left in his fold. Let them be cared for as though they were of my own tribe."

"Both are welcome," was the answer, in a strangely sweet, mournful voice. "Are you English?"

"American," Gertrude said, feeling curiously drawn towards and repelled from the singular being with whom she was confronted. "You are not my countrywoman, I think, although you speak our language perfectly."

"I am not," said the lady of the *casa*, with a shudder, "but I am glad to see a woman from any civilized land. It is long since I have seen one like you, though once I had such for associates, incomprehensible as that may appear. But you need rest, poor child! You are exhausted with fatigue and travel. Come with me."

Taking Gertrude by the hand, she led her to an inner room, that notwithstanding its rough, uncouth furniture, evidently the handiwork of an unskillful workman, though there were a few articles that had apparently belonged to a ship's cabin, was pervaded by the indescribable air that always seems to linger round the habitual abiding place of a cultivated woman.

There were a few books, chiefly in French and Italian, an unstrung dilapidated guitar, a box of crayons, and some essentially feminine trinkets.

With her own hands the lady of the casa unbound Gertrude's heavy hair, and assisted her to lay aside her wet, travel-stained garments, supplying their place with others elegant in fabric, though fashioned in the style of twenty years before.

She then filled a tiny wine glass with a pleasant cordial, bidding her guest drink, and then seek the repose she so much needed. Gertrude did as she was directed—took the composing draught, and gladly extended her weary limbs upon the plain couch that was placed at her disposal and fell almost instantly into a deep, peaceful sleep, while the lady of the casa sat down beside her, watching her slumbers, and occasionally communing with herself.

"She is very, very lovely," she whispered softly, laying her thin, wasted hand on the young girl's shining hair. "Once I was as pure and innocent, and could sleep as peacefully, but that was long ago. Ah, me! ah, me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club, 16,00
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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, - - - - - 4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be pleased to receive from some of our contributors, any number of original jokes, conundrums, &c., which they can supply.

Respectfully declined. "Little Shoes," (good, but not so good as the poetry by the same author). "Sammie." (We have too many articles of this kind sent to us. Would prefer something less common.) "Summer Winds;" "What the Waves Whispered;" "Claire Rutherford;" "Pet Names;" "The Poor Man's Blessing;" "Self Torture;" "Jeames Quickly."

We have had a good many applications for the name of the author of "*Eve Isle*," the beautiful story we are now publishing in "The Post." At present we must withhold the name, but with the last chapters of the novelette we promise those who have followed with interest the fortunes of *Eve* the desired information shall be given. The Post will be enriched, we trust, a good many times in the future by the productions of this gifted author.

Employment for Returned Volunteers.

"No, sir, I was not seeking charity, but work! There don't seem to be much for us to do, now the war is over," and the blue cap was touched respectfully. The war worn veteran walked off to resume his search for employment, the merchant repocketed his rejected alms, and we kept on our way with an old and painful train of thought, quickened to new life by the words we had overheard.

Day after day, while the wheel within wheel of the vast Government machinery is restoring order to the long distracted country, this cry is becoming more urgent. Here a hospital is closed, and the inmates whose terms of service have expired, but who have filled positions as clerks, cooks, nurses, ward masters, and other necessary offices, are added to the ranks of the veterans who have marched in from the field. An office, essential while the war lasted, with its corps of employees, is useless now, and more still of enforced idlers troop from its doors to seek new avenues of labor. Vast factories opened to supply the million wants of our great armies, now send *their* hands to seek work elsewhere, and the peaceful pursuits re-opening or enlarging are by no means so large or numerous as to balance the want. Scarcely a square of our city can be traversed without meeting the blue coat of a soldier, whose wearer is plodding wearily from door to door, seeking employment and the means of living. He has taken four of the best years of his life, (for the service demanded the full vigor of youthful manhood,) and has given them freely for his country. He has borne the summer's heat, the winter's chill, in a life of exposure and hardship, has stood firmly between his home and an advancing foe, till the invader was driven from the field, and having done his duty to his country has thrown aside his musket, and now extends his hands for the tools of a more peaceful avocation.

What does he find? His old employer, finding the times hard and labor scarce, has for the past four years been studying to reduce his expenses and diminish his corps of employees, and is even now cautiously waiting for better times before again enlarging his business or band of workmen.

"Homes" and the almshouse seem almost the only alternations from positive want, and the able-bodied men shrink instinctively from either. It is not *charity* they seek, but employment.

Where lies the remedy. These noble patriots cannot wait till expediency will allow the cautious to enlarge their factories or workshops. Their case demands immediate attention, and it is to our wealthy and influential citizens, who have already done so much to alleviate the sufferings resulting from the war, that we must again turn for aid.

There is scarcely a city in our land where some public work has not been needed, suggested, perhaps commenced, and then dropped, or suffered to die away. Here a Hall, there a Bridge, in one place a School, in another an Institute for the advance of art or science, is waiting the "sometime" which is to come for its erection or completion. The time has come when public spirited men can contribute this needed addition to their city or town, and employ their returned volunteers to erect it. Let the leading men of each place start the subscriptions, and others will readily follow, while the work will live, a lasting monument of their generosity and charity.

If there is needed a further suggestion, may not the monument to our martyred President, for which means are being raised in every city, be made the avenue of employment for some of these idle soldiers, who are so anxiously seeking work. It would surely spur on the subscriptions if it were known that the Lincoln Monument was to be erected by the hands of the Returned Volunteers.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A lady, just returned from a visit to New England, related to us the following incident, which occurred on Boston Common on the 4th of July: It is customary upon that anniversary to play upon the Common the national airs of each country, the brass band being upon a raised platform, encircled by flagstaffs. As each air is commenced, the flag of the nation which it represents is run out upon a pole, until the whole platform is surrounded by the varied bunting. The final air is always the Star Spangled Banner, when the stars and stripes are flung to the breeze far above the musicians' heads.

Upon the last fourth, before the American flag was raised, the musicians rose, and standing, performed the President's Dirge, while a mourning-bound flag was slowly raised to half-mast. During this time, when all the crowd of spectators paid silent reverence to the memory of the great dead, a large and very beautiful butterfly (the Greek emblem of the soul or immortality) hovered over the crape-bound flag, until the last note died away, when the beautiful visitant soared out of sight.

ENCOURAGING.

To the Publishers of the Saturday Evening Post—Gentlemen:—I think I may safely estimate the bulk of light literature I have read in my vagabondizing and long sea voyages, at about two and a quarter cords, and in it all I have no recollection of having read anything which comes so near my *beau ideal* of a real romance as *Eve Isle*. The author might have been better posted in South American scenery and Pacific sailing, but we can well forgive trifling errors in a story so admirably written. I have read Eve Isle thus far with more interest than I ever read a story before, and my opinion is that it is the best romance yet published in this country. COSMO.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Among the many novels from the house of A. K. Loring, we have read the MIRAMICHI with interest. It is a well written story—not abounding greatly in incident, but merely a history of the life and customs of the inhabitants of that beautiful valley in New Brunswick. The purpose and chief motive of the work is very apparent, winning for it the only hearty commendation the reader finds it possible to give. There are good, well defined characters—not very original or remarkable; but sensible, well-meaning people, such as we may find anywhere. The conflagration scene is thrilling. It brings vividly before the mind the wild, grand, terrible picture of a scene from which the bravest will shrink shudderingly. Ending happily, the book leaves on the mind a pleasant impression, which cannot be said of all the works we have been called upon to read.

MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS. A book not entirely new, now in its third edition, but one that must be welcome to all. For vigor, freshness, pathos and beauty, we have read few books that can be compared with this absorbing novel.

NATIONAL LYRICS. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

SCENES IN A "SANCTUM."

No. 1.

I awoke one bright May morning and found myself elevated to the dignity of an *Editor*. It does not matter how it came about, but the novelty of it was rather pleasant. I had served my apprenticeship as *Assistant* for some months, and felt pretty easy with regard to ability. Still there was a good deal to do, and the first thing was to fit up my Sanctum in a manner befitting its new occupant!

I ate my breakfast that morning with a calmness and serenity upon which I should look back now with wonder, were it not for the ignorance which all Editors will understand at a glance, as a thing most natural under the circumstances. Nothing but ignorance could account for *serenity* with such a future before me.

In this blissful state, I donned cloak and hat for a short walk, and about ten o'clock, A. M., stepped into "my office," to begin operations. The Ex-Editor had not yet abandoned me to my fate utterly, but was waiting to look over the contents of his desk, from which the accumulations of four years were to be drawn forth, with their accompanying dust and mould. From this heap, all that was valuable was to be gleaned and laid aside, while the remainder found its way to the "waste paper" market.

The Ex-Editor, a pleasant faced man, with kind blue eyes and as good a heart as ever commiserated human ills, drew a heavy sigh as we sat down in front of the desk, and looked at me pityingly. I laughed in his face, heaped my lap with a load of letters from which clouds of dust rose stiflingly, and plunged bravely into the work before me.

"I will not read all these letters," I said, decidedly. "As I open them, I will call over the signatures, and you must decide whether they are worth keeping. Of course, when there is a doubt you can look over such letters as you think proper. But, to my humble judgment, the clearer you are rid of the whole the better."

He assented, good naturedly. What Editor would not, with the prospect of one long, delicious, restful summer before him?

Some time passed. A pile of torn fragments in the waste-basket attested to the dexterity of my fingers. But soon I became less expert, and lingered with some interest over my task. Such an array of brilliant names were unfolded, it needed only a slight stretch of the imagination to people the little sanctum with a galaxy of talent, stars in the literary firmament—such as never before shone in splendid combination upon a single little *Editor*.

"What have you there?" asked the Ex-Editor, looking up as I opened a letter which caused a little exclamation to escape my lips.

"G. P. R. James," I answered. "And he comes all the way from Italy."

"Ah, yes. We used to have him often. Give him to me. I'll put him in my hat to carry home with me. I want to keep a good many autographs."

"Here is Fanny Fern—dainty and delicate."

"Put her with James."

"They may not agree in such pent up quarters. Fanny likes plenty of room, and like a sensible woman, she is bound to have it."

"Right enough, but she is amiable to this degree, that she will not quarrel with an English friend—one of the *craft*, too, to whom she will like to extend the courtesy due to guests from foreign nations."

"Very well. Fanny may keep James company awhile. Here is Mary Howitt."

"Another English friend. Put her with the others. There is spice in variety."

"Bayard Taylor comes next."

"He is welcome. Such a traveller will be able to tell us some pleasant things. In a trice, he will carry us to the Holy Land, or some place equally distant."

"Grace Greenwood."

"Thrice welcome to Grace always, with her glorious eyes and gentle, womanly ways. The very air she breathes is good to the heart as old wine for life-giving principles."

"Emmerson Bennet."

"Admit the gentleman. He has hair and eyes like the Indians of whom he writes, but skin many shades fairer. A tall, portly, proud looking man, with a heart like a woman's for gentle goodness. He can tell us some of the funniest stories extant. Splendid company when a drawing room is full of "wall flowers."

"A modest bow from Alice Cary is here, with a pretty little request for attention, as your leisure."

"Another fine addition to our brilliant assembly. Here, place her beside the lovely Caroline Lee Hentz, over whose green grave the flowers are blowing this soft May morning. She was too fair and good to die."

I dropped the little white sheet beside the one designated, a slight flutter at my heart caused by the sad look and tone. The next moment Florence Percy's sad wail filled the room with its thrilling pathos. From Rome, Italy, it had drifted afar across the ocean, to thrill every heart that heard the plaintive moan, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep." It seemed to float in now upon the balmy air, like a low, sobbing cry of pain from a breaking heart.

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

A Patriotic Family.

The Harrisburg Telegraph of Thursday morning says: "We were this morning favored with a visit from a brave soldier named John Fon Rodd, of Company A, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who is here awaiting the arrival of his regiment, to be discharged. Mr. Fon Rodd is a German, and a son of William Henry Fon Rodd, Esq., of Butztown, Pa. The father is 80 years of age, and has lost *nine sons* in the war for the Union. Eight of these were killed in battle, and the other died of starvation, in the rebel pens at Salisbury. While a prisoner, the son last referred to actually *ate his right hand*, so great was his hunger. John, from whom we have obtained our information, is the *tenth* and youngest of the brothers, and he bears the scars of *eight wounds* received in battle. He, too, was for a time a prisoner at Salisbury, and was only released at the close of the war. His recital of the treatment of the starving prisoners fully confirms all the accounts that have heretofore been published of the barbarism under which our men suffered. Upon inquiry, we learn from other sources, that Henry William Fon Rodd, the father of the *ten heroes*, has for many years been one of the most highly respected citizens of Butztown. Is there another man in the world who has sacrificed more sons upon the altar of our country than this aged German?"

☞ A white robin was shot in Attleboro last week, and secured by a citizen of Pawtucket, R. I.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

The Legend.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A brawling soldier in the time agone,
A scuffling fellow with a giant's strength,
Ungodly Offer was: none would he serve
But those esteemed the mightiest of earth.
He offered to the Emperor his staff,—
"No meaner man than thee I serve," he said,
"Wilt have me?"—in his brusk, defiant way.
The monarch saw his breast broad like a shield
And wholesome strength of arm and said, "I will,
If always in my service thou wilt stay."
"I will not promise always," Offer quoth,
"But, while I serve thee, woe be to that slave
Who in defiance raises up an arm!"—
And thus it came that Offer followed him.

The army in the forest was encamped,
And, as the monarch listened to a strain
His minstrel held, it chanced in the song
To name the Patron of the wicked arts—
The wily Satan. Then the Sovereign
Upon his brow the sign made of the cross.
"What joke is this, my liege?" bold Offer cried.
"It is to guard against the Evil One,
Who holds a fearful pow'r in this wood."
To this right scornfully said Offer—"Up!
And let us from the forest drive him out."
"Not so," in mildest tone replied his lord,
"For then some harm might come unto our souls."
"Since then before this Evil One you quail,
(And Offer waxed fearful in his scorn,)
He is the greater and him will I serve."
Then in the tangled thicket forced his way,
Right in the heart of the dark forest's depths.
Thrice called he unto him most feared of man,
Then laid himself upon the ground to rest.
At midnight heard he cracking of the earth,
And lo! out of a cleft a Moorish knight—
A coal black horse astride and breathing smoke,
Dashed down with fury, and in fiery voice
Demanded service. "Not so fast, my friend,
Your mettle first I'll try," the soldier said.
Then up and down the world with Satan went,
And liked this service better than the last.

Now once as they were riding on their way,
They happened on three crosses in the road.
At this sight Satan whisper'd tremblingly,
"Let's steal around by yonder forest path."
"Is master of the gallows tree afraid?"
Then Satan, "Know you not that Mary's Son
Died on the Cross and has Almighty pow'r?
Take heed or it will be the worse for you."
"If that is so," quoth Offer, "fare you well,
Uncalled I came and I will go unbid."
He rode away and asked of all he met
Where he shall find the Son of Mary; but,
As few the Saviour carry in their hearts,
He met no one to show the Christian's way.
At length he reached a pious hermit's cave,
Who lodged him plainly on a bed of straw.
The morning come, said Offer to his host,
"Good father I have long sought Mary's Son,
And I would have His dwelling-place reveal'd.
Can'st thou direct me?" Then the holy man
Shed light into this honest heathen's soul,
And as he craved good works to do he said,
"A river yonder flows both broad and swift,
Whose current neither boat nor bridge endures,
And pilgrims to the Holy City bent
There find their passage stayed. Be thine the charge
To bear them safely over on thy back."
To this the soldier said, "Right willingly."

Forthwith he built a hut beside the stream,
And patient as the Arab's desert ship
He bore the pious burdens o'er the flood.
When any proffered wages to him—"Nay,
I do it for Eternal Life," he said.
And so he toiled for many a weary year,
Until his heavy locks grew white with age.

One stormy night he heard a little voice—
A piteous voice who call'd out in the dark,
"Good Offer! gentle Offer! come across!"
The weary aged man then grasp'd his staff
And waded bravely to the other shore.
He saw no pilgrim on the other side,
And thinking he had dreamt he trudged back.
He laid his tired head upon the ground,
But heard the little piteous voice again,
"Good Offer! gentle Offer! come across!"
The second time he raised him patiently
The stream to cross, yet still no one was there.
Returned again he laid him down to sleep,
But came once more that piteous, plaintive voice,
Now clear and shrill—"Good Offer! bring me o'er!"
He took his staff and murmured to himself,
"Now will I find thee, be thou man or mouse."
This time he reached the other shore and found
A lad of scarce two lustres, round whose head
A soft light played amid the golden curls.
A banner with a lamb on its blue ground
His small hand grasp'd—the other held a globe.
With smiling trust he looked in Offer's face,
Who with two fingers raised him on his head.
His patience nigh was gone. The child, he thought,
Might well have gone a pleasuring by day.
He bravely pushed into the flood but found,
The little one grew heavier than lead!
The weight was greater than his limbs could bear,
And sank him in the water to his head.
Exhausted, scarcely able to keep up,
He staggered to the land whereon he fell.
"This time," he gasped, "I have received a harm;
I pray thee, little Master, go not yet."
The child look'd on him with a gracious smile,
And spread his little hands to him and said,
"Thy sins, good Offer, are forgiven thee.
Henceforth thou shalt be CHRISTOPHER, for thou
Hast borne the Christ—the Saviour of the world.
If thou wilt plant thy dry staff in the ground,
'Twill be to thee a sign that this is true."
He ceased, and vanished in the purest light.
And Christopher look'd up to Heav'n and said,
"I know my end is near. So be it, Lord:
My sins were many, but forgiven are,
For I have FOUND THE SLENDER MARY'S SON."
He stood his pine staff firmly in the earth.
The dawn reveal'd the green which told of life,
And daylight show'd its glory crown'd with flow'rs.

A quiet, happy, prayerful, childlike joy
Now filled the saint, and at the close of day
The angels came to good Saint Christopher,
And bore him to his painless home above.

☞ Loving little Sidney, seeing a man with a heavy beard, asked anxiously: "Mamma, when I am a bid man, will the whiskers drow over my mouf so that I can't tiss?"

A SCRAP OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY VERNET.

The Coypou.

Twenty years ago, before the ex-Governor of Hungary so revolutionized our head gear, when fur hats were the wear, "Nutria" was a favorite constituent of the fashionable "tile" both in this country and France. Five-sixths of all the fur hats worn were furred wholly or in part with *nutria*. Nevertheless, go into the workshop of any manufacturing hatter, make all the inquiries you would as to what the material was, and you could no more find out than you can today the mean depth of the Polar Sea.

You would likely observe a little heap of bluish brown "bowed" fur lying on a form, and inquire of the hatter:

"What kind of fur is that, sir?"

"*Nutria*," he would reply.

"Yes,—but what *is* nutria? What animal affords it?"

"O, I don't know that."

Using a material and don't know what it is. Neither does any one else it seems, for inquire to-day of one thousand intelligent persons, what animal affords the fur known as nutria, and how many of them do you think will be able to afford you the information you seek? Perhaps one. Consult natural historians, who have told us something about almost every living thing under heaven, and if we find on what animal's back to place the nutria fur, we shall be fortunate.

So late as 1847 there was imported into France one million, six hundred and seventy-eight thousand *Nutria* skins, four hundred and thirty-four thousand of which were shipped to the United States. At the present time the almost universal use of wool and silk in both countries for hat-making purposes has caused the entire disappearance of *nutria* from the trade.

Now let us turn our attention to acquiring a knowledge of the name, home, habits and appearance of the animal that once supplied so vast an amount of hatting material, and would afford as abundant a supply to-day, if fashion and economy in hat making demanded it.

In all the rivers of the Provinces of the Rio-de-la-Plata, and as far to the southward as the parallel of fifty, south latitude, there are found in great numbers an aquatic animal, a quarter smaller than the North American otter, in color a beautiful bluish brown on the back and head, fading into an ashy white under the belly and within the legs, the outside of the latter being darker than the otter of the United States, and the feet nearly a jet black.

The feet are nearer in shape to the human hand than those of any other animal with which I am familiar, and have all over the soles a stiff, very short, whitish hair standing out at right angles from the surface, exactly like the bristles in a hair brush. The animal has a small, round head, pretty little standing ears, a bright, intelligent eye, and a very pleasing, good natured face. He swims faster than the seal, is capable of remaining under water as long, preys exclusively on fish, which he always seizes in his fore paws, or rather hands, and few fish are there in the rivers he inhabits that can evade him when he once gives chase in earnest. He is never timid or shy of man, is easily captured, and just as easily domesticated, and dearly as he loves the water and his raw fish diet, being once removed from them, he forgets all his proclivities in a month, and takes to meat, either cooked or raw, vegetables, fruit, or whatever other diet the table of his master may afford, as kindly as if he had been born with an appetite for it.

This animal is the Spanish American *Coypou*—river otter. The French got their supply of skins mainly from Buenos Ayres, called them *nutria* skins, and probably neither knew or cared anything about the animal that supplied them. We got our supply from France, accepted their name of "nutria" as sufficient for our purpose, and were always too busy with our own affairs to inquire whether the fur grew on a *coypou* or cameleopard, or whether the animal was a native of France or further India.

Gen. Grant's War Horse.

The General is peculiarly proud of his stud, but is particularly so of his war charger. To the few friends to whom he unbends he takes great delight in exhibiting his horses. A friend of mine was with Grant one day, and the conversation turned upon horses. "Perhaps," said the General, "you would like to see the horse I have ridden during all of the campaigns that I have commanded." The General ordered his horse to be brought out. To the surprise of the gentleman the animal seemed no more than a lady's palfry. Small, slender, with agile limbs, black as a coal, an eye like a hawk, intelligent, but mild, with the unmistakable "lick" on each side of the mane, not unlike the "cowlick" on a boy's head, looking for all the world like a family pet for women and children. The visitor uttered his astonishment by saying! "Beautiful, but no endurance." "Endurance!" said Gen. Grant, "this animal exceeds any horse flesh I ever saw for endurance. I have taken this horse out at daylight, and kept in the saddle till dark, and he came in as fresh when I returned as when I saddled him in the morning. Gold could not buy him. He was imported from a rare bred by Jeff Davis himself. He was taken from Jeff Davis's plantation." This conversation was held just before Davis was caught. "I suppose," said the visitor, "you would exchange this horse for Jeff Davis?" "You have said it," said the General, "I would exchange it for the rebel chief, but for nothing else under heaven." Such is the renowned war horse of the Lieutenant-General."

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.—A young man from Worcester, a private in the 57th regiment, in the battle of Cold Harbor, a year ago, was hit by a ball in the chin, which badly fractured the bone, and tore out several teeth. Another ball hit the right shoulder, fractured the shoulder-blade and remains undiscovered. The third ball passed through his abdomen and brought him to the ground. His companions dragged him to a hole, where his body and head could not be seen by the enemy; but his legs being exposed, one ball passed through the calf of his leg, another cut a deep grove through his shin, another cut through the top of the instep, and another carried away the next to the great toe. He lay in the hole all day, and was then taken prisoner and starved for several months, yet this young man is now in Worcester, erect and in good health, and not perceptibly lame. His name is E. P. Rockwood.

The Number Three.

When the world was created we find land, water and sky; sun, moon and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into the den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity—these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, *In hoc signo*. There are three conditions for men; the earth, heaven and hell. There is also a holy Trinity. In Mythology, three Graces; Cerebus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine muses sprung from three. In nature we have morning, noon and night. Trees group their leaves in three; there is the three-leafed clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable.

THE SIGNS OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Nine-tenths of the people are in ignorance in regard to the premonition of madness in dogs. One of the earliest signs of madness in dogs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of dogs, is a sullenness combined with fidgetiness. When it means rabies (madness) the dog retires to his bed for several hours, and may be seen curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and sullenly. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but continually shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of postures, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine something lost, and will eagerly search around with strange violence and indecision. The dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him, as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on.

A SNAKE STORY.—Here is a snake story, located in Brazil, which rather "takes down" everything of home manufacture: It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake not exempt from this weakness of his fellow-reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste. It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursling slept, and every night his snakeship would creep into the bed, cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it and prevent its crying, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on, unconscious of having such a monstrous nursling.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated of half its allowance of food, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse at night—the delinquent was caught in the act, and expiated its offence with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on "short commons," recovered its strength and grew fine and fat as before.

WOMEN AND MEN.—Very intelligent women, we find by observation, are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly their forehead, is more or less masculine. Miss Lander was rather pretty and feminine in the face; but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardue, Miss Leslie, and the late Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Misses Porter had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man. We never knew of any very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awful ugly; Dr. Johnson was no better; Mirabeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently prize men for their sterling qualities of the mind, than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose a woman who had scarcely an idea above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we may judge by the inscription he left on her tomb.

GOOD LOOKS AND GOOD LIVING.—The *penchant* of the fair sex for good living has something in it of instinct. A series of exact and rigorous observations have demonstrated that a succulent diet, delicate and well attended to, repulses for a long time and very far the exterior appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, to the skin more freshness, to the muscles more support; and as it is certain that wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, are due to the depression of muscles, it is equally true to say, all things equal, that those who know how to eat are comparatively ten years younger than those to whom this science is a stranger. Painters and sculptors are well aware of this fact, for they never represent those who are abstinent from choice or duty, as misers or anchorites, without giving them the paleness of sickness, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

☞ LAUGHTER NO ABSOLUTE PROOF OF A MERRY HEART.—A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; "and," continued he "if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed." "Alas, sir!" replied the patient, "I myself am Carlini!"

☞ Within a stone's throw of Stewart's new marble house, on Fifth avenue, is a dwelling really believed to be haunted. It is an imposing and elegant building. It has been occupied and abandoned by three families within a few months. It is now in the market.

The Blind Phrenologist of St. Louis.

There is a blind phrenologist in St. Louis, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of the distinguished judges, who thinks a great deal of himself, and has a very bald head, which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day, and have his head examined. Wags and judge arrive. "Mr. B., said one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science." "Very well," said the phrenologist, "place the head under my hand." "He wears a wig," said one. "Can't examine with that on," replied the professor. Wig was accordingly taken off, and the bald head of the highly-expectant judge was placed under manipulation of the examiner. "What's this? what's this?" said the phrenologist; and pressing his hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with affliction; I have lost my eye-sight, but I am no fool; you *can't pass this off on me for a head!*"

An Apology.

"Did you say I wasn't fit to carry swill to swine, Mr. Brown?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, sir, I require you here, in the presence of these gentlemen, to recall that insult, or you will have to take the consequences."

"I am ready, willingly, to repair the injury I have done you."

"Well, see that you do it quickly, sir."

Brown turned round to the insulted gentleman, and said—

"Gentlemen, I have done my friend, Mr. Smith, here, the injustice to say that he was not fit to carry swill to swine, at which he is very indignant. Now, gentlemen, I desire to recall that remark, and do here take great pleasure in saying that Mr. Smith is eminently qualified for the important office of carrying swill to swine. I hope this apology will be satisfactory to Mr. S., and that his excellent qualifications will be duly appreciated."

"GOOD FOR SHERMAN."—While Senator Sherman was visiting the general, his brother, in North Carolina, he was presented by Frank Blair with a very fine horse, captured during the South Carolina campaign. He was told that he must get a pass from his brother, the general, before he could ship the animal to the North, but thought this would be a very small matter. So he went to "Cump's" headquarters to tell him of his luck and get the necessary document. "It is a splendid horse, Cump," said the honorable senator, "and if you'll just sign a permit, I'll take him up in the boat with me." Cump replied, adjusting his shirt collar with both hands, "I'm very glad he's a good horse. We are very much in need of good horses in the army. I have some orderlies around headquarters that are d—d badly mounted." The grave and reverend senator was taken aback by this, and again reminded the general that the horse had been presented to him, and was not government property. "Can't let you have him, John; all the horses here belong to Uncle Sam; individual titles ain't worth a cent," said Cump, and so the senator was cheated out of his present.

☞ An Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland *three weeks* before, brought with him a basket of eggs. His friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England? "*Because*," said he, "*I am fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so.*"

☞ A YOUTHFUL COMEDIAN.—The following curious advertisement appears in the columns of a London theatrical paper:—"The Greatest Wonder of the Day!!! To Managers of Theatres, Music Halls of the First Class, Secretaries of Institutes, etc. Miss Lydia Howard is Open to Accept Immediate Engagements. Miss Howard, the Baby Actress, although only One Year and Ten Months Old, Recites and *Acts* whole Scenes from Shakspeare. She also gives some very amusing Comic Sketches from other Authors. As pretty as talented. Her manner while reciting is pleasing beyond description. Specially Engaged for the Fancy Fair and Festival to be held in the City Hall, Glasgow, from the 8th to the 18th of July next."

☞ Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a Scotch minister, who, on an icy winter Sabbath, threatened his congregation with everlasting torments in thick-ribbed ice. Being taxed with the heretical tendencies of such a version, the crafty Scott replied: "I'd no try to scare sinners this cauld weather by making 'em think about a het fire."

☞ Mr. Barnum asked the advice of his friends as to continuing in business after his Museum was burned. Among others, he asked Horace Greeley, who replied, "Take the rest of your life easy; go fishing. I've been wanting to go fishing for thirty years, and haven't had a chance yet."

☞ Gen. Phillips, Surgeon General of Pennsylvania, will shortly issue a pamphlet containing the names of the Pennsylvania soldiers who died at the rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., from February, 1864, to March, 1865, with the names of their companies, regiments, and the number of their graves annexed.

☞ THE LACONIC STYLE.—As applied to epistle and telegrams, this is excellent. A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is baby?" The answer came: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

☞ PESTILENCE.—Europe has two pestilences to balance our civil war. The Russian plague, which is declining, and the cholera, which is making sad havoc in Turkey and Arabia. No less than 48,000 of the pilgrims at Mecca, have been swept off, and the streets are filled with corpses. Egypt has been reached by it, and the sanitary regulations have been adopted in both France and England to prevent infection. The French harbors are shut against vessels arriving from Alexandria.

☞ WHITEWASH.—Whitewash is not only one of the cheapest and easiest modes of rendering rough woodwork sightly, but is also a capital reflector of light, so that all dark passages, alley-ways, stairs, workshops, &c., are greatly improved by coats of it.

☞ Dean Swift, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, sleek, quiet alderman. In the course of the dinner he was helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Doctor," said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

☞ Last month a child was poisoned at Dublin by eating some plants and flowers known as Monkshead, which had been thrown into a dust-pit, from which the child picked them out.

WHAT IS LIFE?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. HARRY B. DEVEREUX.

What is life? an echo wailing
Its brief time in glee to sing;
Or a shadow idly sailing
On a sunbeam's gilded wing.

What is life? an empty vision,
A fantastic idle dream;
Maniac's laugh! wild derision!
Bubble floating on a stream.

What is life? a torrent dashing
Down a chasm, dark, bleak and drear;
Or a meteor dimly flashing
Through the murky midnight air.

What is life? a tempest howling,
O'er a bleak and dreary moor;
Or an ocean billow rolling,
Breaking on an unknown shore.

What is life? a tale delusive,
Told by Idiot's stammering tongue;
Or a dulcet strain producive—
Ended ere 'tis fully sung.

ED. POST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Harry Linwood was very fond of his pretty wife Bessie. To be with her was his greatest pleasure, to meet her sweet face, with its smiling welcome, on his return from business, his best reward for a day of toil. There was only one faint shadow of trouble that ever arose in Harry's mind when he thought of her. Bessie had been before her marriage a great belle; in her father's house, too, she had been surrounded by luxuries that Harry's modest income would not permit him to give her in her own home; sometimes, therefore, the honest fellow distressed himself by fancying that she would weary of a life in which she now received the homage of her one adorer, or perhaps pine for the elegances to which she had once been accustomed.

To be sure, Harry's little cottage was as pretty and tasteful a residence as any in the city, and he knew that his wife loved him very truly, but he had one of those dispositions, which with fine capabilities of affection, had also considerable capabilities for suspicion, and but that Bessie's devotion was unwearied, Harry would have made himself miserable by fancying that she regretted the triumphs and the brilliancy of her unwedded career.

The second fall after her marriage, Harry noticed in his wife's demeanor a faint change. She seemed sometimes preoccupied, or absorbed in thought. Although as affectionate as ever in manner, he detected her more than once in reveries from which his entrance aroused her with a start, and noticed that when he was reading to her, unless the story was very interesting, she would fall into a brown study, in which her thoughts evidently wandered far away from the subject of the book. He became at last really uneasy about this, and one morning, when she seemed lost in thought, and over the duties of the breakfast table, he broke out into a remonstrance. She had just poured out his cup of coffee and handed it to him, with a look of dreamy abstraction in her large brown eyes, when he startled her by a loud laugh.

"Do you know what you have done, Bessie?" he asked, as she looked up in amaze.

"No, indeed, what is it?"

"I watched you just now pouring out my coffee, and do you know how you did it? You first put in a great spoonful of salt, then a few drops of hot water, and lastly the coffee."

"Oh, Harry, I didn't."

"You did, indeed! Why, taste of it, if you like," and he handed it back to her.

The wry face that Bessie made after her taste of the Mocn, showed that she was convinced, and she, too, burst into a loud laugh. "It's too bad, Harry, I surely thought it was hot milk and sugar I put in."

She looked so sweet and honest that Harry, with most unusual frankness, for his nature was one rather inclined to brood over a trouble than boldly to demand its explanation, said to her:

"To tell the truth, darling, you seem half the time lately to be in a brown study."

"Do I?" asked Bessie, with a vivid blush, and then, after a moment of singular hesitation, she said, "I am thinking about your birthday present."

"About my birthday present," repeated Harry, with something like incredulity in his tones, for the excuse seemed to him more remarkable than the preoccupation. "Why, it is only February now, and more than two months to my birthday."

"I know that, but you see, Harry, I do so want to make you a lovely present, and I am trying so hard to think what it shall be."

"Well, well, don't distress your dear little head about it. I had much rather never have another present than have you so abstracted as you have lately been."

But Bessie smiled rather vaguely at the last words, as if she but half understood them, and Harry went off to his office that morning for the first time since his marriage feeling a real sense of distress as he thought of his wife. Her odd explanation of her long reveries only seemed to him to make them the more serious, and he fancied, with a throb of anguish, that she was perhaps beginning to grow discontented with her lot in life.

Meantime Bessie, having attended to her simple household duties, put on her hat and shawl and went out to visit Mrs. Morris, her bosom friend and confidante. She found the pretty young mother in her nursery, laughing over her baby's bath, and absorbed in the dedetails of its toilette. Bessie immediately went down on her knees at the same shrine, and the two did little else for the next half hour but make themselves into lovely, but incoherent idiots, by way of sinking themselves to baby's comprehension. Then the infant tyrant being safely hushed to sleep they became rational beings, and descended to Mrs. Morris's pleasant sitting room.

"And now, Kate," said Bessie, "I have come to consult you on something very important."

"What is it?"

"It's about Harry's birthday present."

"His birthday present! Why, you are beginning early, arn't you?"

"Yes, for I want to have it really something very handsome this year."

"Well, it is not till April, is it? so you have time enough to make something really elegant."

"Oh, *make!*" repeated Bessie, with a gesture of contempt, "I have made him all sorts of things, till I am sure he must be tired of the sight of an embroidery. He has three pair of slippers, two pair braided, besides the lovely ones with the foxes' heads, I did for his birthday; then he has worked handkerchiefs and ornamented suspenders, and a crochetted watch case, and a hair chain, and every sort of thing that a man can have made by female fingers. You see, three presents a year, for Christmas, birthday and wedding day, besides little surprises, a man soon gets supplied."

"What do you want to get, then?"

"Well, I have been thinking of making him a really elegant present that would cost a great deal of money."

"Have you thought of anything in particular?"

"Yes, I know he would like to have two of Sir Edward Landseer's pictures for his study. I have heard him say several times how much he admired two of the scenes where there are stags and mountains; one is called 'None but the brave deserve the fair;' I forget the name of the other, but I can easily find out."

"Of course. But they will cost a good deal in handsome frames."

"Fifty dollars," said Bessie, majestically. "I intend to spend fifty dollars on them."

"That's a good deal."

"Yes, and you are wondering where I shall get the money."

"Perhaps I am."

"That's just it," said Bessie; "where can I get so much money? If I were to coax it out of Harry it would be no way of giving him a present at all. No, I want to earn it myself!" and Bessie announced this conclusion with an air of vast importance.

"To earn it! why how can you?"

"That's just what I want to consult you about. How can I do it? Do you think I could earn anything by embroideries?"

"Embroideries! not much, I fear."

"What can I do then?" asked Bessie, earnestly.

"It does not seem as if you could do anything, but," seeing Bessie's downcast look, she added, "I have only just had the idea suggested, perhaps when I have given it some thought a plan will occur to me.

"Oh. Yes do think about it. I should be so delighted if I could really make dear Harry a present that would please him; he is so good and devoted; these other things I give him he accepts kindly because I make them, but I know if I could only give him those pictures it would be a real gratification and surprise."

She was so earnest that Kate Morris resolved to give the matter her devoted consideration, and Kate was a woman capable of a very unusual amount of energetic thought and exertion.

That night when Harry came home he watched Bessie more closely than ever, and he saw at once that her abstraction and quiet had given way to a strange nervous restlessness; he noticed how she moved uneasily about the room apparently unable to fix her attention to anything, standing and looking up with eager anticipation when there was a ring at the door, and turning away dissatisfied when it was only a boy with a bundle. A little later the message came she had evidently been expecting. About nine o'clock the servant brought a note to Bessie, Harry was reading or trying to read near the fire, but he could not help watching his wife as she took the billet, she glanced furtively at him, and then seeming to be satisfied that he was not observing her, she opened it with trembling, nervous haste, and read it eagerly. It was not very long, but whatever the contents were they sent the color to her cheeks and a bright light to her eyes. She looked it over a second time, and then cautiously tore it to pieces! It was the first time since their marriage that she had not frankly showed him any note or letter she had received.

Harry was cut to the heart. Not only his fears of his wife's altered feelings were aroused, but worse than that a torturing suspicion for the first time found its place in his breast. What could there be in an *innocent* note that could call up such a blush and such a look as he had seen on Bessie's face just now? And yet to suspect that pure young creature of anything dishonorable seemed too horrible for possibility, and he strove to cast out the unworthy thought. Something of the anxiety that was in his heart looked out of his eyes as he fixed them on Bessie when she stole to the fire to throw in the pieces of her note. She caught the glance, and replied to it with a light laugh that jarred him painfully.

"You wonder what mischief was in that note? Ah! that was my secret."

"Perhaps it was about the birthday present," he replied with a cold sneer.

She started again and answered with strange confusion,

"Ye—es it was, but don't ask me about it."

"Certainly not."

And Harry turned to his book unsatisfied, miserable, but making an attempt to seem indifferent. He was conscious that Bessie stood watching him a few moments, and then that she quietly left the room, nor did she return for the next two long hours. This was most unusual, all their evenings heretofore had been so happily passed together, Bessie had sat beside him with her work while he read or wrote, and now he felt utterly dreary and forlorn. As he sat there alone, with his horrible suspicions and torturing fears growing each moment more unendurable.

At last, he could bear it no longer, but went up stairs with a vague, half terror of finding that Bessie had gone out on some errand as mysterious as was all of her conduct to-day. To his intense surprise he found the door of their room locked. There was a faint rustle as he laid his hand on it, a moment's delay, and then Bessie opened it, looking pale and startled as a guilty thing.

"I—I was writing," she stammered.

He glanced at that little work table which was littered with papers, and felt again hurt and astonished; her desk stood in the parlor. Why had she crept away to write here when all the facilities for her letters were down stairs and near him? It was the answer to that strange note she was thus concocting in mystery and alone. What could be its contents that so long a time must be occupied in its proper preparation? All these thoughts passed rapidly through poor Harry's brain, but as we have seen his disposition was naturally one rather to brood over a sorrow or a wrong than to speak of it frankly. So he merely said,

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," and Bessie saw him go down stairs again without a thought that he attached any importance to her unusual conduct.

The week that followed was to Harry wretched enough. From that strange evening Bessie's abstraction grew tenfold deeper than it had been before. She was now most of the time so absorbed in her own thoughts that Harry could not obtain from her anything more than an amiable pretence of attention on any topic upon which he addressed her. Day by day this indifference to him and his interests struck him with a colder sense of misery, and increased his suspicions of his fair, young wife till they became perpetual haunting fears of a horror that seemed every moment to come nearer.

All this time he never allowed Bessie to know that he was suffering. He asked no questions, he made no comments regarding her unusual conduct, but brooding over his supposed wrongs in silence, watched wearily for fresh proofs of this coldness or worse of his idolized wife. It is true he was not in his usual good spirits, and had Bessie not been so preoccupied she would have noticed the shadow on his face, as it was she only realized that he was more quiet than usual, and thought what a good fellow Harry was to leave her so much time for her own fancies and plans.

Harry's suspicions that were growing blacker every day took at last a definite shape. One afternoon when he came home from his business a little earlier than usual, Bessie did not come out to meet him with boisterous rejoicing that she was to have him with her so much sooner than she had expected, as she had always done under such circumstances in the happy days, that poor Harry began to fear were gone for ever. Instead of that, when he entered their room she started up from a work-table that was again littered with papers, looking utterly startled and even frightened, he saw her huddle together the sheets of writing as she exclaimed:

"Why, Harry, you are coming early."

"Yes, but if you are busy, I will go down stairs again."

"I—I—well; if you will, I will be there presently."

"As soon as I have brushed my hair, then I will relieve you of my presence."

He turned to the dressing table, and at the same moment was conscious that Bessie had started from her seat. He divined the reason when he saw a tiny note lying on the toilette cover. The address was very simple, only two words—

"Ed. Post."

They burnt themselves into his brain in that momentary glance, then Bessie had seized the billet, and returned white and trembling to her seat. Harry said but a word, he did not even look after her, but in a moment quietly left the room.

He went down stairs to his study, and locking himself in, hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. He knew all now, his worst suspicions were realized. Bessie was clandestinely corresponding with some man. He had never heard this name before; this Edward Post was some one of whom he had never even heard her speak, but this only added to the certainty of her guilt. Left alone all day, as she was, she had every opportunity of forming new acquaintances, and increasing those acquaintances to intimacies, but he could not have believed that his wife, whom he thought all innocence and purity, could have been so utterly treacherous, and almost, as he began with curdling blood to believe, so criminal.

But it is of no use to dwell on all the misery of his thoughts; no words can do justice to their agony; and yet despite all, he would not speak of them, or boldly ask his wife to explain the mystery of her conduct. No, he would watch and wait; perhaps time would prove that he wronged her unjustly, and all those fancies would vanish like a hideous nightmare; then she need never know how he had suspected her. But if, on the contrary, his worst fears were realized, he must first have more tangible proof before he could pronounce at once her doom and his own. A few more days passed, miserably enough to Harry, but to Bessie in the same dreamy state in which she seemed only half conscious of what was going on around her, and then, one evening, after one of her absences from the room, which were now very frequent, she came in, wrapped in shawl and hood—

"I am going to see Kate Morris for a little while, Harry," she said.

Harry looked up at her, so pretty, with the white fleecy hood shading her soft brown hair. His heart yearned to her, and he started up with almost his old smile.

"I will go with you."

"Oh no, one of the girls can go. I won't be long."

"But I had rather go, that is unless you don't wish to have me."

She hesitated, and then, with a curious blush, said, "To tell the truth, Harry, I had rather go alone."

"Very well."

He turned to his post, chilled and hurt again, and heard the door close after his wife, with a terrible thought that perhaps some day that door would so close upon her forever.

She was gone more than an hour, and came back looking perfectly radiant with delight. Harry thought he had never seen her face look so since the bright days when she first began to love him. Had some new love now awakened that brightness? Yet, as he looked at her, so pure and noble in her young beauty, it seemed utterly impossible to associate the idea of crime with her.

"Had you a pleasant evening?"

"Oh, yes, delightful, I hope you were not lonely, dear Harry, for I was so happy."

"Was there any one there but the family?"

"No, oh yes, there was; after a while a friend of Kate's came in, and walked home with me."

"Ah! by the way, Bessie, has Mrs. Morris any relations named Post?"

"Yes, to be sure, a good many. Her mother's maiden name was Post, and she has several cousins of that family. Some of them are nice fellows, too."

Then Harry thought he knew why it was that Bessie went so often to see Kate Morris, and his momentary gleam of confidence gave way before the distrust that was fast becoming a conviction of the worst evil.

After this came two weeks without any event that could relieve or confirm the torturing uncertainty; and then again, one afternoon, finding that he could leave business much earlier than usual, Harry hastened to his home. As he approached the door he saw a man coming out of the house. He was a stranger to him, young, and as far as he could see, good looking. He walked fast to catch a better glimpse of his face, but before he could reach the gate, he had disappeared around the corner.

This, then, was Bessie's mysterious acquaintance, her friend, her correspondent, perhaps her lover, and there was murder in poor Harry's heart, as the awful thought set his blood on fire and made his brain reel. Bessie came out to meet him, smiling and lovely, in a toilette of unusual brilliancy, but this time her beauty, instead of pleasing him, but increased his sense of miserable injury, for he fancied that this elegant dress was assumed for the sake of the man who had just left her.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked Bessie, reading some of his distress in his face. "You don't look well, did you have to come home because you were ill?"

"Oh, no, I am well enough, only tired."

But she hovered around him so affectionately that he could not rid himself of her presence.

"Have you been alone all day?" he asked at last, looking wistfully at her.

"Oh, no, I have been out making calls."

"And have you had no visitors?"

"No, none at all."

Harry was ready to groan out in the agony this falsehood cost him, and there was such a look in his eye that Bessie cried—

"Why, Harry, you look at me as if you hardly believed what I said."

"I thought I saw some one coming away from the house as I approached, a gentleman."

Again that deep blush and look of confusion on Bessie's face, destroying all its look of honest openness.

"Oh, that was not a visitor," she stammered.

"No. I know who it was," cried Harry, with sudden energy. "It was one of those postmen that are such friends of yours."

"Ye—es, it was;" and as if she could not endure another word, Bessie fled from the room.

But later, when they were seated in the parlor for the evening, she seemed to be so resolved to hang about him and caress him, that Harry feeling cold at his heart the conviction of her guilt that this day had deepened to tenfold blackness, yet unwilling even yet to repulse her entirely, was glad of any excuse to quiet her solicitude, and while away the time until he could be alone and think over his deadly wrongs.

"I assure you, Bessie, I am very well," he said, after a while. "Here, let me read you something; it is a long time since I have read aloud to you."

Bessie assented, and he took up a weekly paper and turned it over to find some amusement in its pages.

"Here is a story that may interest you," he said. "Its title is 'The Unhappy Marriage.'"

As he uttered the name, he looked sharply at his wife, she started and colored violently, but affecting not to notice her emotion, he began to read. It was a tale of more than usual talent, describing the union of an ill-assorted pair, the wife's release from a most wretched home by the death of a tyrannical husband, and closing with her happy union with another man.

As he read, Harry saw Bessie's confusion increasing till it was painful to witness; sometimes she tried to go on with her sewing, then she would glance at him uneasily, and move restlessly in her chair, as if almost unable to keep her seat. The moment he finished, she started up to leave the room.

"A very good story. Don't you think so, Bessie?" he asked.

A half uttered "Yes," as she hastened to the door.

"It would be well if all ill-assorted unions could terminate so pleasantly for the lady."

An incoherent reply; and then, could he believe his ears, was it the sound of Bessie's light laughter that came to him through the half closed door?

As the days passed on after this, the mystery and misery of poor Harry deepened to a settled gloom. That his wife had been actually criminal he could not believe; that she loved him less than she had loved; that she was deeply interested in another man he could not doubt, and that her intimacy with him was still kept up, perhaps increasing, he had almost daily proof. Her visits to Kate Morris, as he supposed for the purpose of meeting him, were very frequent; her strange preoccupation increased constantly, her wonderful letter writing was kept up with increased devotion.

Most of Bessie's correspondents addressed their communications to Harry's office, but lately, more than once when he was at home, the postman brought to her notes addressed in an unmistakably masculine hand, and every time that one of these arrived, Bessie seemed annoyed, hiding the inopportune epistle hastily in her pocket, to be devoured, as he imagined, with greedy delight when she was free from his restraining presence. Nor was it long before he received fresh proof that her correspondent was always the same person.

One morning Bessie was hunting everywhere for a letter to her mother which she wished Harry to put in the office for her.

"I don't see where it can be," she said; "and you are in a hurry to be off. Just look in my desk, Harry, and see if I have put it there."

Thus authorized, Harry went to the desk, a thing he would never have done without her permission. As it was intensely repugnant to him to learn her secrets by any clandestine observation. On the velvet cover of the desk he found the letter to her mother, and underneath it was another with the same mysterious address he remembered so well.

"Ed. Post."

Bessie must have recollected that this note was there, for she flew after him with a strange, troubled look.

"Never mind, Harry, I will hunt for it myself."

"I have found it," he said quietly; and Bessie did not know the effort it cost him to frame the simple words.

Yes, Harry felt that his heart was slowly breaking, that he could not much longer endure this state of estrangement, and slow, torturing misery. But what could he do? Was there any hope that he could win back his wife from her new fancy to her old love for him? Alas! no; he felt that if she really had ceased to love him, he could never hope to rekindle the dead affection. He had far better take himself from her path and leave her to her new happiness. But how? Sometimes a dark thought of suicide crossed his mind, only to be dismissed as too unworthy. Might he not then propose to her to go back to her father's house for a time, and there think calmly whether she would give up her husband for this new lover? Gradually this plan framed itself in Harry's heart. He would not believe that she was really guilty, and perchance some words of warning from him, with a few weeks at her old home for quiet reflection, might restore her at least to a sense of her duty, though he feared never again to her once devoted love.

Thinking only of this one absorbing topic, the time for his birthday came without his giving it one thought. Day by day he put off taking the irrevocable step until at last a horrible discovery brought him to final action.

One night, tired out with a hard day's work, and feeling now all the time half sick with his mental troubles, he went to bed at an unusually early hour. When he told Bessie that he was going off, he fancied there was a look of delight in her face, but he imagined it was merely because she was glad to be rid of his hated presence, and utterly wearied out he soon fell into a deep sleep. He was wakened by the sound of the sharp closing of the outside door, and starting up, discovered that his wife was not beside him.

With a heart full of all sorts of vague apprehensions of horror, he sprang up, and hastily flinging on some clothes, went down stairs. There was a light shining out from under his study door, and the sound of his wife's voice arrested him. Yes, she was there beyond a doubt, and more than that, some man was with her. Harry heard the deep bass of his voice, the light treble of hers, but could not distinguish one word they said. He stood there, great drops of agony on his brow, for the few moments that made up the interview. Then as he heard them approach the door, he returned rapidly to the stairs. In the darkness, from the spot where he paused, he saw them come out, Bessie and a stranger whose form he could not distinguish, as there was no light in the hall, except that which came out dimly from the study. He saw the two go together to the front door, and Bessie close and lock it, after what seemed indeed to be a very hurried good night.

He waited for no more, but darting upstairs to his room, flung himself again into bed, with his good, honest heart wrung to almost its last capability of agony.

Yes, the time had come at last; he could not permit his wife to trifle thus madly with her own honor and his. If she gave her strange lover clandestine interviews in his own house, however brief and innocent they might now be, the worst consequences must follow soon. Yes, he must hesitate no longer, to-morrow they must part, and perhaps forever.

With these terrible thoughts in his heart, sleep was an impossibility. With the first gray dawn of the April morning Harry arose and stole quietly from the room. A rapid toilette in the dressing room, and then he went down stairs to his study. It was still almost dark, but he drew his table to a window and began to write the fatal letter. Again and again he tried, but the task was more difficult than he had imagined; it was so hard, despite all he had seen, to tell his young wife that he believed her false. An hour was spent in fruitless efforts, and then impatiently he started up from the table and walked across the room.

At that moment the early sunlight began to stream in at the windows, and Harry gazed about him in utter astonishment. On the walls hung the two engravings he had so often wished to have, elegantly framed, fresh and bright, they seemed to smile at his wretchedness. Utterly amazed, as if in a dream, Harry walked up to one of them; a little slip of paper was stuck in the corner; on it were these words:

"A birthday present for my darling Harry, from Bessie."

The other one was similarly ornamented, and he stood looking from one to the other in half pleased bewilderment. Yes, it was his birthday, though he had totally forgotten it until now, but she had thought of it; she did care a little for him, then, and a faint light began to break in upon him, when the door opened and Bessie stood before him, bright and smiling as the morning.

"Twenty-nine to-day," she cried. "You owe me twenty-nine kisses, my dear, darling Harry."

But he stood looking at her, still half incredulous and amazed.

"Wait a moment, Bessie," he stammered. "When were these put here?"

"Last, night, after you went to bed. I bought them of Norton, and his man was not to bring them until eleven o'clock. I trusted to luck to have you out of the way. Did not you see how glad I was when you went to bed? It was so much nicer to surprise you."

Harry dropped into a chair. "Oh, what a fool I have been!" he groaned.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry? Aren't you pleased?" And she was by his side, looking at him so wistfully.

"Pleased! Oh, Bessie, I do not know how to tell you all I have been thinking of."

"Why, have you really been troubled, my love? Sometimes I feared you were, and then I thought it was only because you guessed my secret and were humoring me."

"Your secret? Oh, Bessie, what secret?" and he seized her hand in fresh agony of an avowal.

"Why, don't you know? I earned the money to buy these all myself!" and the bright eyes sparkled with proud delight.

"You earned it! How?"

"By writing for THE POST; that I thought you knew it all along."

But the next moment Bessie began to think Harry had lost his mind, for he was dancing about the room in seemingly the most frantic glee, every now and then kissing her passionately, and then capering off again in fresh ecstacy.

"Oh, how stupid I have been! Oh, my own darling wife! Then you really do love me?"

"Love you! Of course I do, my dear Harry, why I have been working so hard to earn enough in the time. You must have seen how I have been writing; it was Kate Morris who first suggested the idea, and she has helped me correct my pieces. Why, I wrote that story of 'The Unhappy Marriage,' you read to me the other night. I thought I should never be able to sit quietly through your reading; and you looked at me so, I was sure you suspected me."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, you are an ass!" exclaimed Harry. "But I don't care, now it is all over, and I never will doubt my darling wife again."

"Why, Harry, what do you mean?" asked Bessie, anxiously.

Harry would not have told her, he was so heartily ashamed of his own suspicions, but Bessie, catching sight of his desk and her name on one of the papers on it, seized it up and began to read.

"Why, Harry, what does this mean?

"'Bessie, we must part, perhaps forever! I know that you love me no longer—'"

"There, there, please don't," cried Harry.

"I am so ashamed, I cannot bear to leave you know all my folly."

"But yet, Harry," said Bessie, looking very grave, "this is to me, and I have a right to know what it is:

"'Yes, you love me no longer. I know this, and more, I know the name of your new *friend*, this Edward Post, for whom you would give me up—'

"Why, Harry, what does this mean? Edward Post, I know no one of that name."

"I know it, I know it now," said Harry, utterly overwhelmed at his own absurdity. "I can't bear to have you know what a fool I have been, but you see I saw two notes from you addressed to Ed. Post."

But here they both burst into such a shout of laughter that his story was for a moment entirely suspended, and it ended finally in a rush into each other's arms and a shower of kisses.

But after a while the explanation was clearly made. Bessie told Harry frankly the whole innocent plot, how the strange visitor he had seen one afternoon was a young man from the office of THE POST, with a note; how her visits to Kate Morris, when she would not let him come with her, had been solely to consult her upon the subject of her MS., and how as for Kate's cousins, named Post, she had never even seen them, as they all lived in New York.

And Harry, too, made full confession, a confession that was so sad, it filled Bessie's gentle heart with tender pity. But she gave him full absolution for all his suspicions, and he promised never again to be jealous even of Ed. Post.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

In the deep darkness my heart low beateth—
Back from the midnight my life retreateth;
Through the dim years of my lonesome being,
Sadly and silently wanders my soul;
Shadows of sorrow its eyes are seeing—
Shadows that over it gloomily roll.

Eulalie! where are thy love-knit tresses?
Sybil! no longer thy dear voice blesses;
Lolla! thy love is gone forever—
Gone from the desolate way of my soul;
Phantoms are with me, but peace comes never—
Phantoms but fasten the fiend's control.

Lost in the shadows, those angel maidens!
Wherefore this darkness my path o'erladens!
Wherefore I always in earth-dust tarry,
Fastened by fetters that fret my soul:
Still must my bosom its cold heart carry—
Still must I utter my life long dole.

Down, through the murk and the midnight groping,
Wearied and fainting with useless hoping,
Listens my sprite for a far off whisper—
Trembles and shivers with mystical dread—
Under my foot-press the leaves grow crisper;
Colder the snow falleth over my head.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M'ME X*******.

"Pour passer le temps."

I.

"Well!" said Virginia Norris, as she stuck the last pin into rather a refractory belt, and gave the last glance into one of those disgusting little ten by twelve looking-glasses in which one is always reflecting themselves at watering places; "I am quite impatient to go down and see all the surroundings for the next three months. I only got a glimpse last night of a tall, slim young man, with a book in his hand, walking by what one might call a chunky old gentleman, who looked as if he had what Bridget calls a relish for his meals. Did you notice them, Fan?"

"Yes," replied Fannie, who was evidently the younger of the two girls. "Ed said it was an undoubted case of governor, and—"

"Who takes my name in vain?" interrupted a tall, fine looking young man, opening the door; and then, coming forward, he bestowed rather affecting morning greetings on both the young ladies, for he was one of those youths who rather appreciate relationship with pretty girls.

Just then the door opened again, and a very wiry looking child, with very systematically plaited black hair, and very restless black eyes, came in; followed by one of those indescribable pieces of fuss and feather whom everybody knows to be governess at the very first glance—and who now came in with a mincing sort of trot, intended to express immense exertion and immense exhaustion.

Ed, Virginia, and Fannie exchanged glances which did not speak very highly for their appreciation of Miss Miller, who was, as Ed always declared, "a most uncomfortable person," but they had scarcely spoken the "good-mornings," which politeness required, when Clara, the pupil, interrupted the inquiries for health—which were always expected to follow as subtraction follows addition—by crying out from the window, on the sill whereof she had ensconced herself—

"Hello! Gis, there is that tall fellow we saw last night, helping his paternal humpty-dumpty down to breakfast. I guess he won't have much time to flirt with you, for"—seeing Virginia commenced to look provoked—"you will not be satisfied with those occasional interviews with our interesting one-legged colonel that Miss Miller allows you."

"This is really too bad, Clara," said Fannie, speaking aloud for the first time, she and Ed had been indulging in a whispered tete-a-tete, while the others were talking, "you must not speak to Virginia so, besides Col. Fielding is not one-legged, he has merely a flesh wound—"

"In one *limb*," interposed Miss Miller, in a solemn tone. "Young ladies how often must I request you never to use that—that other expression, in Mr. Edward's presence too?"

"It is not worth while to mind me," said Edward, good-naturedly setting a chair for the governess.

But just now the gong sounded, and Clara jumped up and rushed out of the room, to "get the choice of seats," as she bawled out in her flight; while poor Miss Miller followed as fast as her ruffled state of mind would permit. (Miss Miller was a living exposition of the theory of the supremacy of mind over matter;)—and the young ladies, smoothing down their pink morning-dresses, and gallantly attended by the handsome collegian, descended to the breakfast-room.

II.

Edward Darrall conducted his cousins to a pleasant part of the large breakfast saloon, where he selected one of the "family tables," which induced a violent nudge of Virginia from Clara, for that young lady had been seized with a fit of modesty in the great hall, and waited for the rest of the party.

Miss Miller, being disposed with her back to the light, and having sent the waiter after "hard-boiled eggs," her favorite breakfast, Edward, Virginia, and Fannie felt at leisure to look around them. This absence of observation was very delightful to Clara, who seized a small fish, and commenced eating as if she had never seen food before.

Next the Norris' table were placed the gentleman and his son, who have already been the subjects of conversation, and whose name the girls soon discovered was Ralf. The old gentleman's obesity was no longer to be wondered at, as he kept three waiters constantly running, and looked neither to the right nor left in his conscientious efforts to dispose of the viands they brought. The son was a tall, rather interesting looking young man, afflicted, however, with a crimson blush, and a nervous twitching of the nose, which led Clara to observe that he "regaled his olfactories" quite as much as Miss Miller.

Directly opposite sat a thin, yellow-haired, cadaverous-looking minister, who was surrounded by a number of ladies, all of whom seemed to be more or less interested in his appetite. To do him justice he seemed inclined to satisfy their demands to the best of his ability. The girls' curiosity could brook no delay, and Edward discovered from the waiter that he was the "Rev. Dr. Sweetzer here for his health."

"Attended, I suppose, by a deputation of his congregation as sisters of mercy," remarked Virginia; which remark, overheard by the tall Mr. Ralf, caused him a violent fit of coughing, and another Solferino tribute to modesty.

At Dr. Sweetzer's table was a tall, bent woman, apparently about sixty years of age, who was, nevertheless, hale and hearty. The Norris decided that this was the Rev. Dr.'s mother, they immediately decided that he was a widower. The other ladies were only remarkable for their assiduous attention to the doctor, and from the fact that reverence is due to age, they were all decidedly passee.

Just at this moment a very fat female, attired in a curtailed gown of rusty black silk, and a white-brown shawl, came across the room, and in a masculine voice addressed Miss Miller, who, when her agitation at so public a meeting had subsided, expressed much pleasure at the reunion with her friend, Mrs. Felix, a widow, of uncertain age, and of a gentleman, of whom nothing was known, but much supposed—she acknowledged the introduction to the Norris by a courtesy, as she informed the young ladies that the "rheumatism had made her so stiff she couldn't shake hands."

"Does she like hard-boiled eggs?" asked Clara, so audibly that the self-possession of the young ladies was completely overthrown, and Edward, volunteering to relieve Miss Miller of her charge, they left the two old friends together.

But another sight was to enliven them before they had made their retreat good. Old Mr. Ralf, aided by two waiters, and making a mighty creaking, rose from the table; and taking the arm of his tall son, waddled majestically out of the room.

"Mr. Ralf
Has breadth of calf!"

proclaimed Clara, and Ed had to squeeze her hand dreadfully hard before she seemed to realize that the tall youth had returned to the room.

Seeing Virginia stop for a glass of water, he seemed taken with an intense desire to preside over the pitcher, and poured her out a goblet, which, however, his agitation led him to drop before he could hand it her, and he beat a hasty retreat, knocking over two chairs and an infant in his flight.

"I wish he had the water to cool his face," said Ed, as he picked up the glass, and waited on his cousin with his usual grace.

III.

Two or three days had now passed by, during which Edward and the girls had made a number of acquaintances, and enjoyed the bathing and fishing extremely. They had been introduced to Mr. John Ralf, who left his august father, on every possible interval, to hover around Virginia's chair. Fannie had attracted a spruce young collegian, who was discovered to belong to one of Ed's "societies." Of course this was passport enough, and the three seemed never to tire of each other.

"Miss Norris," said John Ralf, standing upright some six feet in the bow window, "won't you come out and walk?"

Virginia rather hesitated at the idea of displaying her white berege and scarlet cloak, beside Ralf's blue and green "checkerboards," as Clara called them, but her good nature led her to accept the invitation, to offer which had cost so great an effort. Ralf having brought her hat from the table, they sallied forth. Now Ralf was really a sensible young man, but so overcome by bashfulness, that when he felt the fair Virginia's hand actually on his arm, he "wished himself another."

Virginia endeavored to open the conversation by observing that the arbor, immediately on the shore, was a pleasant place in which to pass away the mornings.

"It is such a comfort," said Ralf, reddening intensely, "to my father. You see, Miss Norris, he is so very—I mean—that is to say—well, for instance—"

"I comprehend," said Virginia, encouragingly, "you mean that not being a person of very active habits, he enjoys a quiet place in which to rest and read."

Her mentioning reading was a lucky thought. John was really well read, and in the long discussion that followed, they grew to like each other better than Virginia had ever thought possible.

They were walking about in a most amicable manner, when, looking up the beach, Virginia perceived Clara and Miss Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Felix, who presented very much the appearance of a gingerbread doll, somewhat too highly browned to admit of excellence. Virginia remarked that Mrs. Felix was quite "a character."

"Yes," returned her companion, "she is what I should call a sort of presiding elder over a certain Mr. Adonezedeck Simpson, a little Congregational minister in this neighborhood. Oh, Miss Norris, you really must go to their 'meeting house,' as they call it. It is so rich to see them all sitting round—a perfect female synod; won't you go to-night?"

Virginia agreed to do so, and they parted; she to prepare for her walk, and John to assist his father in the "laying in" of the requisite amount of provisions, the consumption of which was the old gentleman's chief pleasure.

IV.

John Ralf having at length succeeded in "putting his father through supper," his own agitation prevented his wishing to eat, returned to the drawing room, where he found Virginia awaiting him. "Dressed in a very becoming walking costume, with a little black hat and feather, shading her face just enough." So wrote this unfortunate youth to his chief friend and confident, George Elliot, who was a college chum, of about Ralf's own age.

Virginia was somewhat nonplussed by a request from Miss Miller, to be allowed to take Clara with her to the meeting, but Tom Green having spirited off Fannie, Edward came to the rescue, volunteering to take charge of the troublesome child till bed time, which proposition, thankfully accepted by Virginia, led Clara to jump out of the window, and give Ed a tiresome run up the sands, before he was able to commence fulfilling his promise.

John and Virginia walked leisurely up the sands for half a mile, enjoying the pure air and beautiful sunset, before they reached the little village of Frogmore, where the "meeting house" was situated. On entering the yard they found the "society" intended holding their meeting out of doors. On a box, back of an empty flour barrel, sat the Rev. Adonezedeck Simpson, a little man, with legs too long for his body, and mouth too large for his face. The presiding elder, who revelled in the name of Snodgrass, was very fat and short-breathed, and dressed in a suit of thunder and lightning. Mrs. Felix was there, on a mouldy grave stone, half of which she zealously reserved for her friend, Mrs. Miller. This worthy dame's head was protected by a "calash" or "gig-top," of black silk, which, in the twilight, gave her the appearance of "a night police, holding himself up by a lamp post." The rest of the congregation was mostly maiden ladies of uncertain age; two or three girls came in, tittering, and evidently much interested in John and Virginia, who were seated, a la Verdant Green and Miss Patty, on a tree trunk. There were also several young men on the outskirts of the crowd.

Rev. Adonezedeck now rose, and addressed himself to one of those, with "Brother Bethnel Barton, will you, sir?" Brother Bethnel got up, and remarked in a weak voice, "that the calls of the society were numerous, but they must be responded to. Ask the ladies if they cannot give more time to the 'Dog-fish" district. The people there, he had heard, were involved in spiritual mire as well as the filthy dross of earthly dirt." Here the presiding elder, Mr. Snodgrass, observed, with an asthmatic sniffle of amusement, that "mire was rare in these parts, but if Brother Barton chose that mode of talking, he could understand him." Brother Barton was somewhat stunned by this attempt at merriment. He replied: he "asked Brother Snodgrass's pardon, but he was a mill owner, and knew sand from salt." The female portion of the meeting seemed to agree with Brother B. One young damsel was observed to pass her handkerchief over her eyes. Ralf opined that she was Barton's sweetheart.

Rev. A. again rose, and remarked, "what did Mrs. Felix think?" Mrs. Felix, in a voice, the manliness of which led Virginia to question whether she and the Rev. Adonezedeck had not changed costumes, said, "whatever dear Mr. Simpson thought was right," and moreover introduced Miss Miller to the assembly, who would go with her to Dogfish Hollow and hunt up the people. Mr. Snodgrass approved, and the meeting was dismissed. Virginia was not a little amused when Mrs. Felix approached to invite her and Ralf to a "little collection" at her house. They declined, but stayed long enough to see her walk Mr. Simpson off, in triumph, while Miss Miller followed on the arm of Mr. Snodgrass.

The walk back to the hotel was very pleasant, and John Ralf was only recalled from his "heaven of bliss" (confidential to George Elliot) by his father's requiring his services at the supper table.

Edward and Virginia happening to go into the dining-room an hour later, saw the indefatigable old man discussing half a mush-melon, while John sat before an untouched plate of good things, prepared for him by his father's desire, with a little book in his hand, that looked exceedingly like the "Tennyson" Virginia had been reading in the bow-window. He blushed at their approach, and the volume was consigned to his breast-pocket.

Edward begged for a half hour's walk on the sands, which Virginia repented having granted, when he employed it in teasing her about her new conquest, and threatening Col. Fielding should hear of it.

V.

The next morning Ralf, seeing the waiter bringing in the Norris's letters, after they had left the table, undertook to deliver them, and actually left his father to perfectly exhaust himself in attempting to carve a rather tough chicken, while he searched for Miss Norris, to whom the letters were directed. He found the whole party in the shade of the before-mentioned arbor, and scarcely waited for Virginia's thanks before rushing back to his father, where he fortunately arrived in time to save the old gentleman's temper and strength from further exertion.

The letters were from Florence, where Virginia's parents were now staying. The girls were charmed to hear that their mother was much better. There were kind messages to Miss Miller, and one expressive of great confidence in Edward, at which that young gentleman, squeezing Fannie's hand, asked if he "was not worthy?" But afterwards when Virginia was reading her own particular note aloud to Ed and Fannie, the former prostrated himself upon the sand, in order to enjoy the better this little paragraph:

"And I hope, my dear Virginia, you will not allow your fondness for flirting to lead you into any difficulty. I am sure, however, you will not forget my counsels on this subject."

"Of course not," Ed added, half an hour later, in a melodramatic voice, as they came upon Ralf seated in a cleft of the rocks, his fishing-line neglected at his feet, while he held in his hand the undoubted Tennyson, open at the most tender passage in Maude, (as Ed declared), though he had been sent out to catch weik-fish for his father's particular delectation.

VI.

In the meantime Fannie had been as encouraging to Tom Green as her own desperate fondness for amusement would prompt, and Ed's ever watchful attention allow. Tom was very conceited, very handsome, and quite well-informed. He was in his Senior year at college, and though he had never been a deep reader, felt pretty sure of his degree, and was now very much in love with Fannie Norris, whose graceful movements and sweet face would have been remarked by any one.

Fannie did not particularly care for Tom, though she enjoyed his attention, and through Virginia (who was very conscientious as far as regarded Fanny's flirtation) sometimes pitied him; she finally concluded that a little disappointment, in the power of his handsome eyes and sweet voice, would be of lasting service.

For the rest, Ed was always there to take care of Fannie. Virginia sometimes thought he felt more affection for her than their very distant cousinship warranted. Edward Darrall was an orphan, the son of a distant cousin of Mr. Norris, and Virginia thought should he and Fannie fall desperately in love with each other, her father would not find it very hard to consent. Edward had, however, lived in their family so long, ever since his father's death, when Virginia was very little, that it might be his fondness was merely brotherly love, produced by his long and intimate acquaintance.

VII.

For Miss Norris,
COL. BASIL FIELDING.

Virginia was standing before her dressing table with this card in her hand. Her delicate violet silk and coral ornaments were particularly suited to her brilliant complexion and dark hair. Fannie was rummaging in the trunk for a "lace handkerchief and coral fan to match." Virginia felt the visit of Col. Fielding a great compliment, as she knew what an effort it must have been to him, in his weak state, to make the thirty miles journey from Boston to Frogmore. She turned round at last to meet the amused faces of Fannie, holding her fan and handkerchief, and Ed who, with his customary familiarity, had opened, and was standing in the door of the room.

"If Fielding runs away with your thoughts at this rate, you will never get down stairs alone," said Ed, offering his arm with mock ceremony. She laughed, accepted it, and together they went down stairs. In the drawing room they met Ralf, with an exquisite bouquet in his hand, but he drew aside, and passed them without speaking.

Virginia wished Ed to go into the reception room with her, but he refused, saying the temptation to kick him out would be too much for Fielding's weak limb, and promising to keep Clara and Miss Miller out of the way. So Virginia advanced into the room, and met Fielding, who sprang up to greet her alone in the soft summer light.

Basil Fielding was a remarkably handsome man, about thirty-five years of age. His gallantry and success since he entered the army had only swelled his former laurels gained at the bar, at which his information and eloquence were well known. He was a perfect gentleman and scholar, and so charmingly did he converse, that Virginia was half astonished when he declared that he "must go—it was time for dinner." He left, however, the delightful consciousness that he was boarding at the "cottage," a mile further up the beach, and should be down to-morrow, to join in a long contemplated fishing party.

After he was gone, Virginia sat thinking it all over, until the gong sounded. Fielding's hospitable hostess at the "cottage" wondered the colonel did not eat. Neither did Virginia, neither did Ralf, but when, after dinner, Virginia went into the drawing room, in her own bow-window, on her own little work-table, she found the beautiful bouquet she had noticed before dinner, and while she was enjoying its fragrance, Ralf joined her.

VIII.

"Edward!" called Virginia, from the door of her room.

"Shall I bring him for you?" asked Ralf, who seemed to spring up under her feet. Certainly this misguided youth could not have been sitting on the stairs in the dark.

"It is no matter," replied the young lady. "I thought I heard Edward, and would ask him what dresses we had better wear to-morrow."

"Oh, Miss Norris," said Ralf, while his face assumed a sunset purplish glow, "don't ask him, but wear white."

Virginia promised, said "good night," and turning back, asked "Fan" what on earth could have induced her to think of such a thing as promising to wear white. Why, a muslin dress would be all torn to pieces.

"No matter," said Fannie, "wear your white Marseilles, I shall wear my pink linen. Tom Green's favorite color is pink."

IX.

The morning of the pic-nic and fishing party dawned bright and clear. Virginia met Ralf in the great hall, as she came down to breakfast, attired in her full suit of white Marseilles, basque and dress, with a little Mexican blue feather in her white hat. In Ralf's hand was a beautiful crimson rose, which he offered Virginia, looking the other way. She thanked him and pinned it in her hat. Ralf started, driving his father in their own fat rockaway, drawn by a very fat horse, and followed by a cart, containing a mammoth provision basket. Fannie, Tom Green, Edward and Clara were standing together on the veranda, when the Rev. Adonezedeck Simpson drove up, with Bro. Snodgrass and Mrs. Felix, to call for Miss Miller. Virginia had noticed the *pale horse* which drew the rector's ancient vehicle, but the sight of Bro. Snodgrass tenderly assisting Miss Miller to mount was too much, and in the shadow of her bay window she laughed unrestrainedly.

While the Norrises were awaiting their carriage, Basil Fielding drove up, in a lively little phaeton, and, rushing in, in a manner that did credit to a lame man, brought out Virginia, and installed her therein in triumph.

Tom Green, who was fastening a white rose in Fannie's hair, took the hint, sent off a waiter, and in a few minutes his horse and carriage stood waiting for Fannie. Poor Edward was quite disconsolate. He muttered to himself he had undertaken quite a responsibility, and turned quite crossly from Clara, when Fannie's sweet voice was heard declaring she would not go till Ed's carriage was ready. Comfort thus being restored, they started off and proceeded for several miles over a flat, uninteresting country.

The pic-nic was at Shell Beach, and there were a large number of persons there from the neighboring hotels. Virginia was seated in a nice place, under the shadow of a rock. Fielding had thrown himself on the sand beside her. Ralf was looking at them from a distance, where he was dissecting a crab for his father, and a young gentleman, named Phillipps, was showing Virginia the tints of a sea-shell through his microscope.

Fannie and Tom Green were promenading on the beach. Ed had become acquainted with a very silly young lady, a Miss Tomson, and they were indulging in a flirtation, which was vigorously applauded by Clara, with such commendatory scraps as, "Give it to her, Ed," "She's such a fool she'll think you mean it," etc. Mr. Snodgrass was pressing Miss Miller to eat a roasted clam, and Mr. Felix was feeding his dear pastor with a small piece of rock fish.

Poor John Ralf! his father had scarcely completed his luncheon when dinner was announced, and of course his labors recommenced. The worthy old gentleman, commencing with soup, eat religiously through the seven courses; and it was not until ice-cream and wine were introduced that the poor young man had an opportunity of addressing Virginia Fielding, and Phillippe (who was evidently much attracted by Virginia) were of course very attentive, and she had little opportunity for missing John, as he fondly hoped.

Some toasts were now proposed. "The fairest" was given by Fielding, "the dearest" whispered John Ralf, in a crimson glow. "Cod-fish? my son," said his oracular parent, "eats best in winter." After this remark, which drew on them the attention of the entire table, John could say no more, but Clara cried out, loudly, "Yes, boiled at night and in balls in the morning, Mr. Ralf." "Yes," replied the old gentleman blandly, "you are quite a little housekeeper, my dear miss."

The party now dispersed, walking up and down the beach. John Ralf approached Virginia, and begged her to go with him to look for shells. Selecting a pink shell, he whispered, "Could you not imagine this a pink rose?" adding, "all the pink roses I could bring could not express more than I feel."

Tom Green, in a retired cove, was teaching Fannie to fish, and she listening the hook in his curly hair, while Edward and Clara looked on and laughed, and a young surgeon, a Dr. Phenix, lisped out his admiration of her "*them-thineth*." Mr. Snodgrass, having satisfied the cravings of nature, left Miss Miller to gaze undisturbed on the prospect, and retiring behind a rock indulged in his usual afternoon nap. Mrs. Felix took her dear Mr. Simpson by the arm, saying, "exercise was good after meat."

"Dulce est disipere in loco," said Basil Fielding, lounging up with Phillippe to where Virginia and John stood together on the sands, in the afternoon sun. Virginia smiled her appreciation of the trite saying, and John ventured to observe "of all lounging places, surely the sea-shore is the pleasantest." Basil felt sorry for the young man, whose evident gaucherie made him appear to such disadvantage, and drew him out in a classical discussion, in which poor John, throwing aside his modesty, joined with considerable spirit and success.

"Look at that boat!" said Basil, drawing attention to a little schooner which was coasting by. "The Sunflower, a droll name for such a barque."

"It is a pretty object at all events," replied Virginia.

"I like the name," said Ralph.

But a gong here sounded a recall to the "camping ground," as the widest part of the beach was called, and very soon after they had partaken of the fisherman's tea, with its roast clams and fresh fish, the party started for home. At the hotel door, Fielding's good-bye clasp drew bright blushes into Virginia's cheeks.

"Do you know," whispered Ralf, in the hall, "why I like the sunflower? Because of its motto—if I might apply it," and this time he fairly ran.

When Virginia reached her room, she turned to her Floral Dictionary, and found opposite the sunflower the words, "Le sens suis partent."

X.

The next morning Virginia was sitting alone in the little reception room, where she had secured Fielding two days before. It was oppressively hot even at the sea-shore, and Clara had laughed at Virginia's "mitigated affliction" as she called her simple cambric mourning dress and white lawn ornaments. That night "the ball of the season" was to be given at the ——— House, and most of the ladies were occupied in arranging their toilettes. Virginia and Fannie had not been at any of the balls, but Edward vowed that, chaperone or none, they should have a good dance to-night—so they were to go. Fanny was engaged ten sets deep since breakfast, as she had just run in to tell Virginia, and Clara presently followed to bring a pink rose and spray of heliotrope, she had seen Ralf lay down, after a long and unavailing search for Virginia, she was sure. Virginia protested, but Clara was determined, and fastening them in her hair, continued:

"And, sister, there he is, in the great saloon, all alone, bawling out,

"'Oh, I have sighed to rest me,'

changing 'Leonora' into Virginia, and drawling his

"'Will thou not think of me?'

in tones enough to make the very rocks creep, and he has got your little Tennyson by him on the piano. "Well," continued the cold girl, finding her sister not very responsive to her jokes, I must go and find Miss Miller, so as reservoir."

Again the curtain between the rooms was lifted, and Basil Fielding entered, looking brighter than Virginia had ever seen him. She rose to greet him, and then as he sat down at her feet, on the footstool against which her guitar had been resting, she said,

"It is rather too warm to be exacting, Col. Fielding, or I should ask a song from one who usurps my guitar's place."

"I did not come to sing to-day, but to speak," said Basil Fielding, in his full, rich voice. "Virginia, dear Virginia, you must have seen the love I have been so long waiting to declare; you must believe me when I say that life's prospects have lost their brightness, unless hallowed by the sunshine of your smile. You will not tell me to leave you, the most miserable of men, but you will permit me to stay by you and shield you from earth's storms, and render your life all that human devotion could make it. You will, you must love me a little!"

Virginia did not answer, but the white hand he had taken and pressed to his lips was not withdrawn, and together they listened, with new comprehension to Ralf's voice swelling out, in the summer stillness, with the words of the old song—

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!"

Two hours later they sat together on the sofa.

Virginia had read her father's letter to Fielding, giving the latter his free consent to win her if she loved him. They had talked of the happy past, and then of the bright future, and, then, as Fielding rose to go—he stopped:—"I shall be over for the ball to-night, but my poor Virginia has a sorry lover, who cannot claim a single waltz—Save me the first Lancers, I may try them."

And Virginia smiled and promised.

XI.

But this was not all the love-making the bright sun looked down on that day. Mr. Snodgrass, in twilled linen and blue, striped coat, came down the dusty lane, in the burning heat of the July afternoon, to see Miss Miller; and so it came to pass that Fielding's and Virginia's places were filled by a pair of far different, but equally true-hearted lovers. Mr. Snodgrass's hearty profession of feeling brought conviction of its honesty, and Miss Miller's timid response was without her usual fussy affectation. They were, neither of them, young, they had both known trouble, but, in that quiet hour, Miss Miller looked forward with new hope to a future life of happiness as mistress of Mr. Snodgrass's little farm, and his voice trembled as he called her "Sallie" for the first time. It had been his mother's name.

XII.

And so the evening came on, and Virginia and Fannie, in their white tulle dresses, with respective white and pink roses, were ready for the ball. Virginia had told her sister of Fielding's proposal, and her own acceptance, and received her hearty congratulations. Ed, too, had taxed her with a want of respect of his authority (he had had an interview with Fielding,) but having satisfied his love of teasing, expressed his hearty pleasure at her engagement.

"And I suppose Fan will be following your example from Tommie's growing so very monopolizing," he said, to which Fannie uttered an indignant disclaimer, and they went down to the ball.

Fielding, Phillips and Ralph were all waiting in the drawing room, but the others seemed to fall back naturally, and Virginia passed into the ball room on Fielding's arm. Fannie would take neither the arm of Ed nor Tom Green, but kept both in constant attendance.

The music was inspiriting, the dancing animated, and the girls enjoyed it very much. Clara, in her best silk dress, sat by Miss Miller, who looked almost pretty in her lavender muslin dress, with Mr. Snodgrass beside her. Tom Green, conceiving this to be a proper occasion for the proposal he had been concocting for some days, thus opened the subject, as he and Fannie waited together in the moon-lit piazza, between the dances:

"Miss Fannie, we shall soon be separated, but I trust the devotion I have manifested will have made you miss me enough to render you glad to see me when I return, which, with your permission, I hope soon to do."

"Why, really," said Fannie, playing with her fan, "I cannot see what *my saying* has to do with either *your going* or *coming*, or, if it has," she exclaimed, as a bright thought struck her, "don't go at all."

"You do then confess to returning my love," said Tom Green, putting his disengaged hand into its best position, and somewhat pressing the hand that lay on his arm.

"Dear me," interrupted Fannie, "I don't care for you a bit, but you are nice to flirt with. I don't care for any one but Virginia and Clara, and dancing, and now I've promised this set to Ed."

So saying she withdrew her hand and slipped away to her cousin, who was looking for her in every direction. Tom pished and pshawed. He was really disappointed, for he loved Fannie as much as one so selfish could do, and she had become, he felt, necessary to his happiness. He would not return to the ball room, and the next morning he was gone, leaving a most affecting note of farewell, and intimating that he might, even now, be recalled—but he never was.

XIII.

The next morning Miss Miller informed the girls of her engagement to Mr. Snodgrass, saying she had written to inform their parents, and would, of course, wait their response before leaving her present charge. Virginia listened kindly, and even proposed relieving her from Clara part of every morning, that she might be at liberty to receive Mr. Snodgrass. But Miss Miller thanked her, "her evenings were always disengaged. She would merely avail herself of Miss Norris's kindness for that one morning, to go and tell her friend, Mrs. Felix," and so went away.

XIV.

Virginia, after a while, recollected that she had left her "Enoch Arden" in the bay-window, and went to get it, and found John Ralf there with the missing book in his hand. She would have passed on, but he said, reddening as usual, "Miss Norris, can I speak with you a moment? Will you come into the little music-room?" Virginia dreaded the thought of what the interview might bring, but it was too late to draw back now, so she quietly preceded him into the room he designated.

"Miss Norris," he said, and in his eagerness his words came far slower than usual, "I love you, can you, will you love me a little?"

"I am very, very sorry," began Virginia, but his thoughts outran her words, and he said:

"Then it is as I feared, it is Col. Fielding. He is much more worthy than I am; but, indeed, Miss Norris, I wanted to go to the wars, but I couldn't leave my father."

"I know," said Virginia, "how good you are. Believe me, I shall always value your friendship, for I know how much it is worth. You will be my friend, won't you?" she said, sweetly, extending her hand. He took it in both of his, raised it to his lips, then looking up at her with truth in his eyes, said, "I will, yours and his always," and left the room. He was seen no more that day.

XV.

Edward and Fanny meantime were walking up and down the sands, but neither seemed to have much to say. At last Fannie cried in her tone half of complaint, half of fun;

"I wish mother would come home! Nobody cares for me here!"

"You are wrong, Fannie," said Edward, with a depth of meaning in his tone that arrested her attention immediately, "there is one, at least, who cares for you more than all the world beside, and who only awaits your permission to prove how dear he holds you."

Stopping in her walk and looking up into his face—

"And it is really true, then," said Fannie, "that *you* care for me, Mr. Edward? I thought—" Here her voice trembled, and she almost sobbed out, "I thought you were in love with Miss Tomson."

"I am not," replied Ed, his usual love of fun overmastering him, "but I am in love with Miss Fannie Norris. Do you think she can return my affection?"

"Ah! naughty boy," said Fannie, laying her little hand on his outstretched palm, "I don't believe you know what you have asked for, now you have got it," and the little lady laughed, "and so—"

"You are engaged," said Edward, then, more seriously. "Believe me, Fannie, it shall be the object of my life to prove how dearly I value the realization of the hope you have just given me."

"What have I said?" asked saucy Fannie. "But I suppose if I have, I have; so let us go and tell Virginia."

XVI.

The summer campaign was over, and now, in the last of September, our friends were all gathered for the last evening in the great saloon.

"We will all come back next summer," said Edward, as the time for parting drew near. "I for one, shall always think of this spot as connected with my happiest associations; and you, ladies, do you agree?"

"Yes, yes," said the girls, eagerly, while Clara cried, "Yes, they shall come, and papa and mamma, too, they shall all come."

"And I, too," said Fielding, "nest-ce-pas Virginia?"

"Of course," she said, smiling at him, "we will all come."

"Yes," said old Mr. Ralf, "its a nice boarding house, the table is certainly excellent, and if John thinks as I do, we will all come back next summer to throw a line again."

And so they parted.

But, after all the rest of the household were lost in sleep, John Ralf strolled up and down the beach, not seeking forgetfulness.

"It is here," he murmured, "that I dreamed to find the brightest of earth's treasures, and have lost, lost it!" And then his voice rolled out once more in that sweetest of airs from Trovatore,

"Addio! addio! addio!"

THE WALLACE TOWER.

The Wallace Tower, at Stirling, cannot be completed for want of funds, so the project is to be discontinued and the materials are to be sold by auction.—*Scotch Papers.*

THE AUCTIONEER'S ADDRESS TO HIS AUDIENCE.

Scots, wha won't for Wallace bleed,
Scots who'd see such humbug d'd,
Welcome: each condition read—
Then make bids to me.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
You's the rock, and you's the tower,
Ere it's in the Sheriff 's power,
Pay the £ s. d.

Wha would hear an English knave,
Just pretending to look grave,
Drawl, "Is that unfinished Shave
Place for shrimps and tea?"

Wha would see the cursed law
Grab it in its cruel paw,
Sell up Wallace, Bruce, and a,
See contemptuously?

By your sturdy Scottish brains,
By your wealth of Union gains,
Show that Scotland's sense disdains
An anomalie.

Lay provincial pedants low,
Give the cant of Race a blow:
England's One—and that you know—
One—from Thames to Dee.

—*London Punch.*

Remarkable Conduct of a Dog.

We have a new dog story to relate:—A little Euclid-avenue friend of ours possesses, among other pets, a fine pointer dog, and a couple of little chickens, that have been deserted by their mother—a very unprincipled and unnatural hen, by the way. The other day he fell asleep while playing with the chickens. As he lay upon the floor, with his long, golden curls streaming out upon the carpet, the chickens nestled beneath them, as they would have nestled beneath their runaway mother. The pointer dog was near, and, for some time, had watched the proceedings with evident interest. Finally he approached the sleeper, poked the little chickens from beneath the curls, took them gently in his mouth, and carried them to his kennel. Their juvenile owner was much alarmed upon awakening and finding that they "were not." Alarm was changed, first to surprise and then to pleasure, upon discovering their whereabouts, and the gentle manner in which they were being cared for. The dog seemed perfectly carried away with fond affection for his charge. He would gently caress them and look upon them with eyes beaming with tenderness. For three or four days the little chicks thus resided with their canine friend. At night they would repose beneath the hair of his paws, and during the day he was their constant companion—attending to their every want with a human care and solicitude. Finally, this unnatural mode of existence seemed to disagree with them, and the chickens were taken away from their strange protector—much to the latter's sorrow.—*Cleveland Herald.*

PENCILS.—The ancients drew their lines with leaden stiles; afterwards a mixture of tin and lead, fused together, was used. The mineral known under the name of "plumbago" is supposed to have been first employed for the purpose of drawing in the fifteenth century. In 1565, an old author notes that people had pencils for writing which consisted of a wooden handle, in which was a piece of lead; and a drawing is given of the pencil as an object of curiosity. They continued to be uncommon for upwards of a century, when we hear them spoken of as being enclosed in fir or cedar.

A CONNECTICUT Jonathan, in taking a walk with his "gal," came to a toll-bridge, when he, as honest as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, which was one cent, "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, or just as like as not I shan't have you after all."

☞ Why are scandal-mongers in less danger of bankruptcy than any other class? Because they give no credit to anybody.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Montevideo—The Bucco—Moldonado—Isthadoo Lobos—Herdeiros—Cheese Making—Among the Wreckers.

Looking back through a lapse of forty years, there is not to be found on record the history of another city or town in the world that has experienced so many vicissitudes as Montevideo. Always misgoverned, beleaguered, besieged, blockaded, sometimes bombarded, straightened, starved, and the inhabitants frequently reduced to the most pitiably abject condition, the great wonder is that Montevideo and Montevideans have survived the starvation and ruin to which they have been so frequently subjected.

But the Montevideans are as tenacious of life as a terrapin. You can't kill them in war, because they have such a constitutional habit of hiding from danger. Neither can they be starved quite to death. That experiment has been often enough made and always failed. So there they are still, Montevideo just as dignified and dilapidated to-day as she ever was—Montevideans, just as boastful, blustering, degraded and dirty as usual, and not a remote glimmer of hope that they will ever be anything else.

The reason why Montevideo has greater and more frequent hardships than any other frontier town of the republic, is that what they call the government is all there, and the city being more accessible both by land and water than any other, in the frequent petty squabbles with Buenos Ayres the latter always concentrated her might and spite against that particular point.

I remember having been in Montevideo when beef could be had in the market at less than one cent per pound, with fish, poultry, vegetables and every edible except bread, equally cheap and abundant, when down would come Rosas's one armed old admiral, with a half dozen paltry craft, that one of our wooden gunboats would blow into oblivion in three broadsides, blockade the harbor and cut off all supplies by water—down would come a ragamuffin army of "Blancoes," under Mancencillis, besieging the city and cutting off all supplies by land, and then would come a season of famine—no one having laid in a day's stock of anything for such a contingency, though advised that it must come.

Then there would be a term of starvation almost—the boiling and eating of bullock's hides, rats, lean dogs, and all manner of offal, and one day I saw a Montevidean merchant purchase from a soldier a half starved cat, for which he paid two golden ounces, hurrying away to transform his feline treasure into *pussy soup* for his famishing family.

Then, after all Montevideo has been reduced to a skeleton, in comes an Anglo-Franco Brazilian fleet, saying to old Brown and the *Blancos*, "Go off up the river home, while we put off our wares and provisions upon these poor, miserable Montevideans, at starvation prices."

Sometimes it occurs that the city is beleaguered by a land force only. Then Brazil supplies beef, the United States bread, and France and England whatever else is saleable, all of which is readily thrust into town by the water front. Again, a Buenos Ayrean squadron cuts off supplies in this direction, and there being no co-operating land force, whatever is needed is landed at the *Bucco*, a little town and port about four leagues southeast from Montevideo, and run into the city from that point.

The only secret that I could ever see or hear of in this continued tenaciousness of life in the Montevideans, is the abundant supplies of beef and vegetables which always flow into the town from the interior whenever the way is fully open. Horned cattle and sheep breed on the grassy plains five times faster than the whole population of the country can possibly consume them, and accumulate during a blockade or siege of the capital to a degree that makes them an incumbrance, and as soon as an opportunity arrives they are rushed in upon the market, fairly glutting it by the third day, and after that they are almost given away.

During these trying times in the capital, one may live sumptuously in any of the other towns, or out in the country, at a figure next above nothing, so great becomes the over stock of all kinds of produce.

Of all the towns of the Banda Oriental, Moldonado is by far the most pleasant and comfortable as a place of residence. It is an antiquated old town, situated on the coast some twenty leagues southeast from Montevideo, contains about five thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are descendants of the high-toned, courteous old *noblesse* of Leon in old Spain, who were the founders of Moldonado.

The town contains four churches, a fine old cathedral, several *school houses*—a feature found nowhere else in the country, and the religious, educational, moral and social status of the Moldonadians is at least three hundred per cent. above that of any other community south of the equator and east of the Andes.

Moldonado would be the most delightful residence in the world, provided one could only find something to do, or was a hermit, and wanted nothing to do.

Next to this old-time Spanish town, in point of pleasure as a residence, I should select *el Isthe dos Lobos*, Wolf Island, only unfortunately no one lives on Lobos, and probably never will so long as it remains where it is, and nominally subject to Uruguay. The island lies off in the great, ocean-like estuary of the Rio de la Plata, some ten leagues distant from Moldonado, its extent being about four leagues by two, its surface densely wooded, and abounding with a great variety of small game, the woods literally swarming with brilliant birds of most melodious song, and the island entirely free from all venomous reptiles and obnoxious insects of every description.

Our party once visited the island on a pleasure, fishing and hunting tour, and to call upon our Yankee friends from New London, who visit the island periodically, for the purpose of catching seals, which at certain seasons resort to the neighborhood of the island in great numbers.

We built us comfortable quarters in the woods, a few hundred yards from the beach, and what with our forest rambles, our entertaining and being entertained by our New England friends, our fishing, hunting, the several soups, society, and guitars, I have no recollection of ever having spent another six weeks of my life so pleasantly.

After Lobos, the next best offer for health, happiness, and social enjoyment—always provided one has with him or her a half dozen *bon compagnons*—is among the free, careless, always happy and remarkably hospitable *herdieros* of the plains. These rural herdsmen have frequently immense herds of horned cattle and sheep, comfortable, picturesque *estancias*, are very wealthy in many instances, and never suspect it in the least. But rich or poor, whoever goes among them, properly comporting himself, will ever find a ready welcome and a real home. Everything that the generous, open-handed herdeiro has is at your service, and tarry a life time if you will, you can neither wear out your welcome, nor spend a *medio* for your entertainment.

Here, among the Spanish herdeiros of the eastern portion of the country, we find, for the first time in our march southward, cheese manufactured—by no manner of means such cheese as we are in the habit of seeing made and tasting in the United States. Oh, no. It is *el queiso de Bucco*, that we find popular here, though why it is called "cheese of the Bucco," is something more than I have ever been able to learn. These cheeses are remarkably uniform in size and consistency, being in diameter always about the dimension of an ordinary dinner plate, an inch and a half in thickness, and so flexibly elastic that one of them may be rolled up like a sheet of gum-rubber, without cracking the hide. No matter how long these little *Buccos* are kept, they never lose anything of their tenacity, are always as white as snow, sweet and pleasant tasted, and are very much eaten among the herdeiros as a substitute for bread, a person making a point of consuming a cheese at a single meal.

Between Moldonado and Montevideo is a stretch of coast on which a good many wrecks of vessels, bound inwards to and outward from Montevideo, occur. This part of the coast is infested with a horde of wreckers more reckless than any that in olden time ever habited the Jersey coast about Barnegat, fierce as the Bedoins, and as cowardly murderous as any buccaneers that ever plundered a ship or cut a throat in cold blood.

Once as our party was traversing this part of the coast on our way towards Moldonado, we fell in with an English captain and his crew, whose vessel, a fine barque, freighted with a general cargo, had been driven ashore twenty-four hours previously, and themselves, with the captain's wife, and four lady passengers, had been driven from the vicinity by the barbarians, after having been plundered of all their valuables, and indeed of every thing but a very scanty wardrobe in which they stood.

The captain begged our assistance in recovering possession of his stranded vessel, and not an instant did we hesitate, though our party numbered but twenty-eight in all, and eleven of them were women, while the force of the plunderers was estimated by the captain to be a hundred and fifty at the very least.

Dispatching young Mosqueiro, our Brazilero, the freest and fleetest rider among us, to the Bucco, six leagues distance, with intelligence to the English Admiral, of the wreck and position of affairs, we made a distribution of our extra arms among the English crew, numbering sixteen stout, resolute men, and as each one of our party had carried a double-barrelled rifle, a brace of revolvers, lance, lasso and long knife, there was a stock of weapons ample to arm the wrecked crew efficiently, and still leave ourselves in capital fighting gear.

As soon as we were quite prepared we set out for the wreck, which was only a league from us, and coming in sight of it, a scene was presented in no wise calculated to make us entirely Christian-like in our demonstration. Goods of every conceivable description were strewn in profusion along the beach, a swarm of the rapacious sand devils were tearing open bales, boxes and cases, brought ashore from the ship, plucking forth fine cloths, silks, satins, laces, and costly shawls, another horde were plying their boats to and fro between the shore and wreck, bringing more plunder, and still a third party of savages were on board the vessel, engaged in breaking out her cargo and loading the boats.

Not an atom did they regard our approach until we rode right in among them, and then in response to our order to retire and let the merchandize alone, we received taunts and threats of personal violence, and a demonstration was made upon the returned English crew.

That movement was fire to the powder, and at it we went, with rifle and revolver, lance and lasso, clearing the beach directly of all the plundering rascals except a dozen or so who were incapable of flight. Then detailing eight of our party to remain with the ladies and take charge of the horses, the remainder of our force, with the English crew, seized upon the pirate's boats, boarded the wreck, and drove the vagabonds overboard fore and aft, until we had the ship to ourselves.

For an hour or so there was no demonstration made by the dispersed wreckers, but they began to gather in force on the sand hills, and at the end of three hours there must have been more than three hundred of the wretches assembled, and they began their menaces by a display of lances, knives, and here and there an old lockless musket. We had united our force on the beach, and occasionally reminded the thieving Arabs that we were in earnest, by fetching one of them from his feet with a bullet from our long range rifles.

Thus we held them at bay for five weary hours, and then we saw the British man-of-war steamer Lizzard coming down the coast like a race horse, and we knew well enough what those rascals just back of us on the sand hills would get at the hands of Capt. Fox, the Lizzard's commander, provided they only remained where they were until he got within range of his guns. And they did. It did not seem to occur to the confounded fools that there was any mischief intended them by that black, snakey looking steamer, until, lying on her paddles within a hundred and fifty yards from the shore, there shot out from her side six vivid flashes, there was a thundering concussion, a hurricane of grape and cannister tore along the sand hills, scattering the astonished barbarians like chaff, and scattering also the heads and limbs of a score or so of the miserable wretches, putting a period to their plundering propensities forever.

The goods scattered along the beach were collected and taken on board the steamer, hawsers were made fast to the stranded barque, and the powerful Lizzard soon dragged her into deep water. Then taking in tow the vessel and every boat belonging to the barbarian wreckers, the steamer returned to the Bucco, while we went on our way towards Moldonado, having taught the wrecking rascals a lesson that would most likely last them until the next vessel should be driven ashore.

Why is a lady who becomes a nun like a scythe? Ans.—Because she *cuts the blades*.

On Receiving Some Faded Flowers.

Just come into that tender lapse,
That beauty from bloom apart;
Not so sweet to the sight, perhaps,
But all as sweet to the heart.

More than is lost from their primal dyes
They have gained, you understand;
They speak with their little, half-closed eyes,
Of the clasp of our loving hand.

You gathered them for *me!* that's it—
Not another, in your stead—
What matter though they are faded a bit?
What matter though they were dead?

Their charm is not of the bloom or blight
Of Time's inconstant hours:
Ah! no, 'tis in the immortal light
Of the flowers within the flowers. A. C.

A California Story.

About a year ago, Mr. A. was introduced to the charming Miss B., (so-called for convenience sake,) and each having ascertained that the other had a few twenties laid by, a mutual "smile" was the consequence. Mr. A. was engaged in a kind of promiscuous business "down town"—planting a little money, expecting to reap a great deal—I think they call it "speculating." That accounted for his cash, and Miss B.'s was not accounted for. Sparkling, vivacious women are not apt to be very good accountants. Having ascertained, by comparing notes, that she had money enough to buy a lot, and he enough to build a house, they proceeded to fall desperately in love, so fatally, in fact, that a speedy marriage was their only hope of cure. It cures most people. It cured them. But I will not anticipate. They married, and the charming Miss B. wrote a prefix to her name, which she ought to have written ten—well, several years before. The lot was bought, the house built, furnished, moved into, and men congratulated Mr. A. on his last "speculation." Like a prudent man, he let them congratulate, and held his peace. But his peace refused to be held a great while. Months went by, and though a great many scales had fallen from his eyes, yet they still continued to fall in alarming abundance. They were seated at dinner one day—Mrs. A. was never visible at breakfast—when the following highly interesting conversation ensued: "Mr. A., did you notice that horrid dress Mrs. Maypole had on last night?" "I noticed it, but thought it very becoming." "Becoming! that's all you men know. So presumptuous of her, too, to wear blue at *her* age." "Oh!" lifting his eyebrows, "does age have anything to do with it? I'm sure she is fair enough to wear any color. Besides, the dress she wore last night was red." "I say it was blue; so, there, now. And you just say she's fair to aggravate me. You know I hate her." Cambric in great demand. "There, Mrs. A., don't weep, I beg of you. You have got your complexion on, and tears will ruin it. You know it cost—" "O, you wretch! You old brute! I won't stand your tyranny any longer, see if I do." "Very well, Madame, suit yourself. But I am in my own house, remember that." "Your own house, eh? It has come to that, has it?" "Yes, Madame, it has. This house is mine—(defiantly)—and I will be a *master* in it." "Then—(tragically)—*move your darned old house off my lot!*" Then the fat was in the fire, sure enough. One month later, Mrs. A. adds lustre to the brilliant guests at the—I don't puff hotels—has had several interviews with a lawyer, and sums up the case in, "It *shall* be done." Mr. A. stands on Montgomery street, chewing a piece of paper, and wondering if they *can* make him move that house. It was in a burst of confidence that he one day informed the "highest authority" what was the matter. I could have told him that, for I saw her in the theatre the other night. Mrs. A. is a *manufactured* woman. False hair, false teeth, "bloom of youth," "lily white," "rouge," a more than suspicion of belladonna about the eyes, a coquettish air that would be silly in sixteen, cotton, and—there, there, ladies, I'm mum—I'm mum.—*San Francisco Mercury.*

A Common Complaint.

On a through night-train, between Washington and New York, just before election, a little incident occurred, which is perhaps worthy of perpetuation. A young man, part sailor and part civilian, blended with a certain dash of the soldier, appeared and took a seat in the vicinity of a whiskey-loving Hibernian, who had been inflicting upon his fellow-passengers his own exceeding superiority with regard to politics, etc.

Everybody had grown tired hearing him declare that they were all a set of "spalpeens," whom a poor Irishman must come "across the say to taych;" and several had mildly requested him to "dry up!" But he was pretty quick, and succeeded, by use of his ludicrous phraseology, in coming out ahead of them all, and getting the laugh on his side.

Finally, this civilian, soldier, sailor, or what not—one of those quick-eyed, intelligent, but still fellows, with long faces, and a reserved but respectful dignity, which one occasionally meets in the world, left his seat—just in front and nearly opposite the voluble Irishman—and walked quietly toward the door. The Irishman sang out to him—

"Say, Surgeon, dus you blave there's anything more'n gineral the matter uv me?"

The "surgeon" stopped, turned quickly round, and looked Irishy in the eye, with his own bright optics, for nearly half a minute, when he replied, and passed on—

"Yes; you are troubled with chronic blarney!"

Irishy was "wound up" completely, while all in the car came down with an immense "guffah!"

HANDSOME TALK.—It is pleasant to recall a beautiful interchange of compliments—sincere as the speakers themselves—which took place between Jerrold (who has a son in this city), and Leigh Hunt, at a dinner given some years ago in honor of the latter. Jerrold said of the veteran essayist and poet, that even in his hottest warfare, his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, "he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook;" and Leigh Hunt, with equal grace and truth observed of "his friend Jerrold," that "if he had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

☞ "Going, going, just a-going!" cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passer-by. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going up to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers one of their baboons is loose."

A New Dodge of the New York Beggars.

A newspaper correspondent writes from New York as follows:—

The beggars have lately created a sensation by a dodge which is as amusing as cunning. Fulton Ferry is a great gate of the city. Hundreds of thousands of people pass to and from the city daily by that route, and as a natural consequence beggars who go early where there is a surplus of wealth to be given away, congregate on the Fulton ferryboats. The latest trick is performed by a man and small child, the latter in rags and the former in a well-worn uniform of blue, with one sleeve empty, the missing arm being carefully hidden away under the coat. The plan of the operators is for the man personating the soldier to sit in the ladies' cabin of the boat in such a way that the child, in its tour of begging, approaches him first, soliciting alms. The false soldier listens to the brief tale told in an undertone by the child, questioning him or her very loudly, and at last, pulling a well-worn and well-filled pocket-book from his pocket, hands it to his nearest neighbor, and asks him (being himself unable to handle the pocket-book with his single hand) to give the child ten or twenty-five cents. The beggars know enough of human nature to know that this scene invariably excites the sympathy of the spectators, who are ashamed not to give after seeing the "poor soldier" do so, and the child generally manages to get quite a respectable sum of postal currency. This repeated once or twice a day at each ferry about the city gives to the rascally pair a very nice income. Some of these people make from eight to ten dollars per day. The newsboys and bootblacks of the streets think they are doing badly if they do not make from three to four dollars per day, and often their receipts on Sunday run up as high as five dollars.

☞ The degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred by Harvard University upon General George Meade, United States Army, was in the following terms:—"Illum exercitus Americani imperatorem, qui periculosissimo belli discrimine res patrim virtute et consilio restituit, Georgium Gordon Meade." Which is translated thus by the Boston Courier:—"George Gordon Meade, that commander in the American army who, by his valor and wisdom, at the most dangerous moment of the war, turned the tide of victory in favor of his country." The graduating class rose and gave nine cheers for the General, when his name was pronounced by the President.

☞ An old miser died in Paris recently, and his will ran as follows: "All my family is comprised in one nephew, and he has thought proper to recall himself to my memory once a year only, when he has sent me a letter and a present. The letter has become shorter every year. As to the present the reader is requested to look at the monument underneath, and he will see why, disinheriting my nephew aforesaid, I leave all my property to the hospitals. Done at Paris," &c. Under the chimney piece, in fact, was found, rising from the hearth, a pyramid of dishes for Strasburg pies, empty, and gradually growing smaller. The first, which bore the date of 1850, was of enormous size; the last, which bore that of 1865, was microscopic. They were the annual gifts of the forgetful nephew. At the top, the dead man had stuck a piece of paper, on which was written "Pyramid of Gratitude." The fortune left amounts to 250,000 francs.

☞ An Old Friend.—The American public may expect to be electrified before long by a dispatch, dated "Valentia Bay," from De Sauty, about whose identity and name there was so much humorous controversy in the newspapers at the time of the first attempt to lay the Atlantic cable. This mysterious individual accompanies the new expedition now making its careful progress over the ocean as electrician, and the first news we receive of the success of the great enterprise will be verified by the once familiar signature of "De Sauty." It will be anxiously awaited.

☞ Too Slow.—Electricity may be too slow in case of life and death. The Queen of Spain, last winter, undertook to pardon a murderer, but the communication was intercepted by snow on the wire, and the culprit was executed two hours before the dispatch arrived.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been considerable excitement in the flour market this week. Sales 20,000 bbls, ranging from $6.50 to 7.25 for superfine; $7,75 to 8 for northwest extra family; $8.50 to 9 for recently and fresh ground Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and $9,25 to 9,75 for fancy.

GRAIN.—There has been a lively demand for wheat. Sales 70,000 bush new and old red at $1.90 up to $2,10; 3000 bush Michigan and Kentucky white sold from $2,05 up to $2,30; 1,000 bush Rye sold at $1.05 @ 1,10. Corn—30,000 bush yellow sold from 93c to $1, and white from 85c up to 95c. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bush at 63@65c for old and 60@53c for new.

PROVISIONS.—There is a decided upward movement in the market for all descriptions of the Hog product. Sales of 400 bbls Mess Pork at $31@31, Prime at $26 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef sells at $12@15. Green Meats; sales of Hams in pickle at 22@23c, Shoulders at 17@17½c, and Sides at 18c. Lard; sales of bbls and tcs at 23@23½c, and kegs at 24½c. Butter ranges from 20 to 24c for solid packed. Cheese; sales of New York at 15@16½c. Eggs are selling at 20@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—Sales 560 bales middlings at 46@46c, including some low middling at 43@45c.

BARK is wanted. Sales of 32 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $39,50 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX.—Sales of yellow at 50@53c.

COAL.—There is considerable improvement to note in the market. The rates at Richmond are $6,25@6,75 ₩ ton.

COFFEE.—The market is rather quiet. Sales Rio at 27@32c.

FEATHERS are selling at 70c@75c for Western.

FRUIT.—Green Apples sell freely at $4@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are nominal at 5@6c. Dried Peaches are quiet.

HOPS.—Sales at 30@40c for 1st sort.

IRON.—There is a firm feeling in Pig Metal; 5000 tons Anthracite sold at $30@39; No. 2 at $33, and forge at $24@30.

MOLASSES.—The market is quiet. Sales 400 hhds at 40c for English Island, 33c for common Porto Rico, and 46c for old Muscovado.

PLASTER.—We quote soft at $3,50 ₩ ton.

RICE is firm; Carolina sells at 10@10¼c, and 150 bbls Rangoon were sold at 9¼@9½c.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is taken on arrival at $15@16. Timothy sells slowly at $5@5,25. Flaxseed commands $2,55 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are steady. N E Rum sells at $2,30@2,32. Whiskey; sales at $2,17@2,18.

SUGAR.—Sales 1700 hhds Cuba at 12¾@13¾c, some Porto Rico at 15¾c; 5000 bags Brazil on terms kept secret, and 100 boxes Havana at 14½c.

TALLOW is firm at 11¾@12¼c for city rendered, and 11¼c for country.

WOOL.—Sales of 360,000 lbs mixed and fine fleeces at 60 up to 75c, including tub at 69@73c, and unwashed at 41@43c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1350 head. The prices realized from $12,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1550 Hogs at from $15 to 16,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 6¾ cts ₩ lb. 110 Cows brought from $23 to 60 ₩ head.

Business.

Business is business. This is the peremptory maxim of many who would be puzzled to define the word, and yet feel that it stands for something quite distinct from other occupations which they pursue either for pleasure or of necessity. A man may be pressed with cares, or absorbed in entertaining studies, which have nothing to do with his business. He may meet the first bravely, and follow the other methodically; and yet both may be wholly separated from the work of his life, that special work which is involved in his vocation or calling, and is expected of him by the other bees in the hive. To that he must give his best days, and the best hours of his day. Whatever other duties he has to perform must, as a rule, make way for business. They must be attended to before or after hours, however important. Unless (as in case of accident, fire, and the like) they are of so sudden and pressing a nature as to justify obviously the neglect of the regular day's work, they must wait till the work be done. You must feed your master's pigs before you sit down to your own supper.

☞ The Newburyport Herald understands that the leading Masons of Massachusetts are about to invite their most influential brethren of the South to visit them and partake of their hospitalities, that the memories of past strife may be blotted out and the Union commence where it should, in the individual hearts. If, it is well said, the churches and the political parties should take the same action, and give the general interchange of thoughts and feelings, we should do a thousand times more for the country and mankind than we can do by furious discussion about our rights and duties, when we give no evidence of sympathy and tolerance.

☞ A Great Composer.—A lady being told that Mr. George T. Evans was really a great composer, the other day, placing her squalling infant in his arms, begged him to be kind enough to compose her baby.

CANCERS CURED.

Mr. Editor: For the sake of those suffering with Cancers and Tumors I desire to present my experience.

About two years ago a swelling appeared on my face. At first I paid little attention to it, but it grew so fast that I was obliged to consult medical aid. Judge of my horror and surprise when told that I had an incurable Cancer. I applied to several of the most experienced physicians in the country and they all pronounced me incurable. I had tried almost every remedy, but of no avail. I had made up my mind to die. I was advised by a friend to apply to Drs. Babcock & Son, No. 27 Bond St., New York city, who were, I was told, the only persons in the country who never fail to cure cancers. Feeling it my duty to make one more effort to save my life, I placed myself under their care, they applied other remedies, and in two weeks my cancer was wholly removed. They use no knife in their operations, and their remedies are harmless and painless. It seems as if the hand of God directed my steps to their office. I shall never cease to be grateful to them for their marvellous cure. My friends were overjoyed at seeing me return to them a well man—me whom they had given up to die, restored well and sound. I am now in the best of health, and feel no anxiety concerning a return of my cancer. To those afflicted with this dreadful disease, let me urge them not to delay when they can find relief as I found it, and they will never cease to bless the name of Drs. Babcock and Son. I will cheerfully answer all letters of inquiry and fully describe my experience. ORSON TUCKER, Essex, Conn.

June 19th, 1865.

Life, Growth, and Beauty to the Hair.

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color	Does Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color	not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color	Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color	Any- Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing	"Hair Color	thing. Restorer."

It is the *Only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dressing Combined.* Delicately perfumed.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. je24-eowtf

CANCERS CURED.

Cancers Cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON, No. 27 Bond Street, New York. aug5-3m

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. Perry, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $2 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND Street, NEW YORK. je17-3m

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, *but not otherwise.* John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 718 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

Startling! but True.—The volunteers are braving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds and Cholera. Many a gallant fellow will leave his bones to bleach, who, by the aid of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, would have returned to his family strong and healthy. Soldiers, try them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

The Beautiful Art of Enamelling the Skin.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of July, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, Mr. Cornelius P. Harvey, of Norfolk, Va., to Miss Martha R. Brogun, of this city.

On the 7th of April, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Frank H. Kierbride to Miss Mary L. Hiker, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. E. T. Mellinger to Miss Mazie E. Brenneman, both of this city, formerly of Lancaster county.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. R. H. Pattison, Mr. William S. Anderson to Miss Sue E. Leonard, both of this city.

On the 17th of May, by the Rev. W. W. Barr, Mr. Robert Graham to Miss Martha Williams, both of this city.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. G. W. Brindle, Mr. Joseph Kerby to Miss Hannah Foure, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. John W. Leonerd, late Lieut. 12th N. J. Vols., to Hannah A., daughter of Jos. Fox, Esq., of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of July, Charles Williamson, in his 73d year.

On the 25th of July, Mary, wife of Chas. Crilley, in her 40th year.

On the 24th of July, Charles Penevenier, in his 70th year.

On the 24th of July, Charles S. Pearce, aged 27 years.

On the 24th of July, Alexandre Davis, in his 21st year.

On the 24th of July, Benjamin N. Adams, aged 48 years.

On the 23d of July, Mr. Joseph Gray, in his 60th year.

On the 23d of July, John M. Wilson, in his 56th year.

On the 22d of July, Barton F. Warren, in his 56th year.

On the 21st of July, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Thos. Sharp, in her 56th year.

On the 21st of July, Mrs. Sarah King, in her 34th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.

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mar18-1y

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This favorite of the ladies leads off in its August number with a beautiful steel engraving called "Grandpa's Darling"—the face of the old man, with its deep, thoughtful eyes, strikes us as particularly fine. Among the figures of the colored Steel Fashion Plate, we note a Bridal Dress, very chaste and pretty. The other engravings of this number are, "The Children and the Rain-drops," "Jacket a Bandeaux (front and back view)," "Bonnets," "Gentleman's Shirt," "Grecian Waist with Braces (front and back view)," "Gimp Ornament," "Wattean Skirt Supporter," &c., &c. The Music for this number is the fine piece, "Rest, Noble Chieftain!" We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

STEEL PLATE.—Grandpa's Darling.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
The Children and the Rain-drops—Jacket a bandeaux, (back view.)—Emily.—Jacket a bandeaux, (front view.)—Bonnets.—Dress of Silk or Mohair.
MUSIC.—Rest, Noble Chieftain.
WHAT I LOOKED FOR AND WHAT I SAW. By Frances Lee.
GHOSTLY GLYCINES. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.
WAITING. By Mrs. M. F. Tucker.
MY DILEMMA. By Leslie Walter.
IN THE HOSPITAL. By Sarah A. Dyer.
DARK FANCIES. By "F. E. F."
OH, BOUNDLESS, BEAUTIFUL SEA! By Phila. H. Case.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By Beatrice Colonna.
TO ——
CALIFORNIA WOOING. By Kate Howe.
SHADOWS. By Edwin R. Martin.
THE RECTOR'S LOVE. By Mrs. Denison.
CULLACH. By Mrs. M. Richie.
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21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
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25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-1f 199 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Good Joke on Sherman.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

While marching through Georgia, Gen. Sherman travelled with the left wing under Gen. Slocum. After a long and wearisome march, he one day crossed over to the right wing under Gen. Howard. While in Gen. Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Medical Director came in, well acquainted with the habits and customs of both. Gen. Sherman sometimes took a "glass," while Gen. Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this, the medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offence to Howard, said:

"Gen. Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent, I will give you a Seidlitz Powder, which I think will do you good."

"Thank you," readily responded "Tecumseh," "I think I will."

The man of physic departed, and Gen. Howard, who took everything literally, ran to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman:

"There is no need to go away for one, if that is what you want," he said, and Sherman, inwardly chagrined, but highly amused, drank the cup manfully, to the mirth of several bystanders, who comprehended the whole magnitude of the joke at a glance.

"You're the Chickie."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia rejoices in the possession of a very bright little girl of three summers, who, after being taken by her parents to visit some friends in Germantown, fell ill with "chicken pox." After her recovery some weeks later, being taken again to the same place, she immediately asked to be shown a fine brood of chickens of which she was very fond. Out in the poultry yard she gazed long and steadily at the little things, until finally selecting the smallest and homeliest of the brood, she lifted her little finger and shook it at the supposed offender, saying decidedly:

"*You're the little chickie that gave me the chicken pox.*"

The Seeds of Knowledge.

The evils of beginning too early to educate, or to plant, are awfully illustrated in the following:

"My little girl is only two years old," said a doting mother to an illiterate philosopher; "but she is very bright, and forward, and I am learning her her letters. She has got as far as A, B, and C, which she knew at first sight, and also round O, and crooked S; and I intend she shall be the leading scholar, when she grows up, owing to my beginning so early."

"Too airly, ma'am. Too young a crittur."

"Oh, no; she has nothing else to do but play, and it is a waste of time for her to play all day."

"Ye're wrong! ye're wrong! Yer strain her mind too much. Don't she squirm when ye're a teechin on her, and don't she sigh when she's asleep?"

"Well, she does; but what of it?"

"That's because she's overworked, ma'am. It will keep her back, instid of puttin on her forrud. Now, my mother did the same with me; I was cokimmin bright and likely, too; but she up and set to work to plant the seeds of larnin into me, when I could skersely walk, and I come to nothin. So it is, ma'am, as you plant for vegetables; if you expect for to git ahead by plantin afore the sile is ready, you will find the seed will rot, and come to little or nothin. I was planted with them blamed alforbid letters too airly, and it stunted my intellect, and you see what a poor ignorant cuss I am."

Hot and Cold.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, where he met a tall, gaunt figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him.

"Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy? it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without travelling more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that the next cold morning when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and the other cold. Well, get on top of the mountain, with a double barrelled gun, and you can, without moving, kill either summer or winter game, just as you will!"

"What, have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze off his tail while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—trew as you lives."

Marble sloped.

Obviating a Difficulty.—A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for the purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at the unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but, look'ee, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

Astonishing Metamorphoses.—If a lady in a red cloak was to cross a field in which was a goat, what wonderful transformation would take place? The goat would turn to butter, and the lady into a scarlet runner.

A SONG.

The sky it is so blue,
And the little leaves so new,
And the hedges are so beautiful in fresh-blown May;
And my bosom is so light,
I must laugh for mere delight:
She is coming, coming, coming, coming down this way.

I had rather see her eyes
Than the sweetest azure skies;
She is lovelier and purer than the snowy bloom of May;
Do not talk of nature bright,
For I see my own delight:
She is coming, coming, coming, coming down this way.

PAINFUL MISTAKE.

Short Sighted Visitor.—"Mrs. Bouncer at home?"
Housemaid.—"You a gentleman, sir?"
Visitor (startled).—"Ya-ya-ya-yaas—certainly."
Maid.—"'Cos this is the kitching entrance, sir—front door a little 'igher up."

THE HAUNTING PAST.

He came to-day. He brought his bride;
And through the wood they went with me:
We passed our ancient trysting tree;
I saw him turn his head aside,

And wondered if his glance would fall
On letters carved by him of yore,
In days that he regrets no more—
That I with burning thoughts recall.

The golden Past, that haunts me yet,
Whose faded glory seems to him
Like twilight distance, cold and dim—
Oh, strange it is how men forget!

Yet through those hours my will was strong
To school my heart to stifle pain—
I could not act that farce again!
But night came, though the day was long.

Night came; they went. His farewell tone
Rings in my ear. 'Twill be the last!
My heart's fierce ordeal is past;
Beneath the stars I stand alone.

Life may change, but it will not fly till the appointed hour; hope may vanish for a time, but it is deathless; truth may be veiled, but it endures, and love may be repulsed, but it returns.

The World.—To a young man, the world unknown appears full of pleasures, and every pleasure new; but, when he becomes experienced, he finds the pleasures very few and very old.

☞ Feelings of Childhood.—In the deep, sweet twilight, the earliest innocent feelings of childhood flutter around us like night butterflies.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Jersey Corn-Field.

The probability is that in the future so long as we shall live, whenever we hear the question asked, as we have done sometimes—"Can there any good thing come out of Jersey?" we shall reply promptly and positively—

Yes—a great many good things—to wit. Imprimis—some capital *Jerseymen*—vide, the several Jersey regiments that went bravely out to kill the Cotton Hydra and strewed a hundred Southern battle-fields with their own and rebel dead.

Then Jersey produces famous sweet potatoes, and strawberries, Lawton blackberries, very superior watermelons and canteloupes, and—well, Jersey *will* produce almost anything in the grain, grass, fruit, and vegetable way with proper culture and care that any other state in the Union will produce, and quite as good, too.

Whenever we shall hear any one this present season boasting of his corn-field, if he is not too remote, and can afford two or three hours to self-instruction, we shall advise him to cross over to Jersey by any of the Camden ferries, and pay a visit to the farm of Joseph Kaign, Esq., located on the line of the Atlantic Railroad, and about a mile and a half from town. The farm is high and dry, the soil a light sandy loam—only superior to the adjoining territory by judicious management and thorough cultivation, and although Mr. Kaign always expects maximum crops from his fields, and gets them, too, they are never exhausted, nor does any considerable proportion of his income go into the pockets of the venders of mercantile manures. His practice is, that which we have been preaching these twenty years and more—to make the soil produce a maximum crop every year, and maintain itself in prime condition.

Mr. Kaign's *forte* in the fertilizing way is *compost*. His compost heaps catch everything worth catching, and on such a farm the "catch" is something considerable during the year.

But that corn-field is what we are endeavoring to get into. It is a ten-acre field, having a considerable inclination to the eastward, planted in hills, four feet apart each way, the rows running due North and South—and East and West, four stalks in a hill, and all the "suckers" allowed to grow. Mr. Kaign argues that Nature designed those suckers as auxiliary feeders to the main stem, and why should he destroy that which is a necessity to the best development of the crop, and at the same time destroy a very large amount of the very best corn fodder? If the practice is a mistaken one, Mr. Kaign's yield of corn has never yet given evidence of it.

The field was ploughed and prepared in the early part of May, planted about the fifteenth, has had three cultivations with the "five-toed," A shaped cultivator, modified by an improvement of Mr. Kaign's, and at the present time, July 20th, stands remarkably even over the whole field, averaging nine feet in height, and as the tassels and ears are but just set, it ought according to general corn economy get up quite eighteen inches higher in the world at maturity. The ear sets average three to a stalk, and over the entire field we did not observe a missing hill. The stalks are stout in proportion to their height, and if between this and maturity the crop meets with no discouraging vicissitudes, the yield cannot fall short of ninety bushels per acre.

The manuring of the field was with compost in the rows at planting at the rate of ten one horse cartloads per acre. The proportions and constituents of the compost for this particular field were about as follows:

One cartload of night soil, thoroughly incorporated, with from four to five loads of earth from the farm, caught up at odd times, a cartload here, and another there, from borders of fields, head-lands, and corners where its native fertility was not required.

On the opposite side of a private road dividing the farm Mr. Kaign has another and larger field of corn of later planting, promising results equal to that famous ten acres, and, taken together, these two Jersey corn-fields are to any practical agriculturist, or any other man or woman who appreciates good farming and admires excelsior crops, well worth a day, and a pilgrimage of a dozen miles.

Now that we have got Mr. Kaign's farm and his management in hand we intend to look at some of his other crops and proceedings occasionally. The probability is that several other farmers, both in and out of Jersey, may be benefitted by it.

Windmill Watering.

It is a pity that in about seven cases out of ten, on an average, all over the country, where windmills have been erected for the purpose of pumping water, that they should prove either a partial or a total failure. The result has been to throw the windmill practice among farmers into very general disrepute, and entailed upon innumerable herds inhabiting high, dry farms, where there is no "living" water, a vast amount of suffering from thirst, and a consequent serious loss in flesh to the proprietor.

Now, our positive declaration, predicated upon experience, is that a windmill of sufficient capacity to supply an abundance of water to any number of four-footed drinkers can be cheaply constructed so simply that it will perform its duty for twenty years with no outlay for repairs, and as little liability to get out of order as the best Yankee twenty-four hour clock ever built.

It is one of the simplest things in this world, too, to construct the windmill in such a manner that it manages its own labor in such a way that it will work only when necessary, so as not to be everlastingly pumping and wasting water and its own endurance needlessly.

One good well, judiciously located, ought to supply the necessities of any farm. It may be so arranged that stock from all portions of the domain can have convenient access to it by a common lane communicating with each field. A receiving reservoir should be sunk level with the surface of the ground a few yards from the well, having on all sides a trough attachment arranged upon the simple scientific principle of a fountain inkstand, so that the troughs may be supplied with water so long as any remains in the reservior.

Then by a simple and always reliable arrangement the pumping gear can be coupled or uncoupled by the water itself—ungearing when the tank is full, and gearing up again of itself when the water is reduced to a given point.

On a dry farm, where one hundred head of stock of all kinds are kept, the whole cost of such an arrangement would be saved in a single year in the improved condition of the animals, and a like amount credited to gain in the saving of time in driving to and from water.

In very many localities windmills and water tanks, thus arranged, would be quite as valuable for irrigating as for stock watering purposes, and would serve both at the same time.

Take Care of the Tools.

Every farm, whether it be of five acres or five hundred, ought by all means to have a convenient tool house, and every farmer ought to make it an imperative rule to have every implement he owns cleaned, oiled and put snugly in its proper place in the tool house when not in service.

Whenever you pass leisurely through or over a man's farm and discover a reaper laid by out in the last field, where it was used a month after the last of the reaping is past; a plough capsized on its beam ends in the weeds, up in some fence corner; a harrow standing on its hind legs up against an old stump; a horse hay rake tilted over and left out in the weather; hand rakes, with stales stuck in the ground, standing sentinels for months, without being relieved; scythes hanging about promiscuously in apple trees, and hoes, spades, shovels, manure forks and garden tools scattered broadcast, you may safely register the proprietor of that domain an unmitigated sloven, and practically a backward progressionist. There are such instances among us—several of them. We have seen five stereotype copies of such a rural picture very recently in a single day's experience.

It is a queer consistency, the growling at and quarrelling with the manufacturer of agricultural implements on account of the extravagant prices of his wares, and then recklessly adding twenty per cent. to their cost by needlessly exposing them to all vicissitudes of out-door weather when not in use.

As a rule, the duration of all agricultural implements, ranging from the threshing machine down to the garden rake, may be doubled by keeping them well painted and always thoroughly cleaned, oiled and put away under cover when not in use. Besides, only look at the appearance of the thing. Why, an agricultural sloven is almost as vile an epithet as an intellectual beggar. We would as soon care to be seen carving our bread with a foul, greasy knife, as swinging a stained, rusty scythe, or running a plough with a mould board like an old boiler plate.

Don't forget to clean, oil and put away the tools when done with them for the season. There is profit and pleasure in the practice.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

Some one, somewhere, lately, has been asking the question, seriously—

"Candidly—can canned corn in the ear be kept?"

What a cannibal—of course it can. But whether it can be kept in a condition fit to eat, is a question that has never been satisfactorily settled. In my opinion, never will be, until the Perpetual Motion becomes an accomplished fact.

I had forgotten, just then, that our Western savages have a way of keeping their "roasting ears" sound, sweet, and good, the year round. But that is their secret—one that white men and women have not found out yet. I might worm the secret out of our friend Cosmo, I think, for I remember now, that last March he gave me two of the nicest "roasting ears" I ever tasted, and told me he had Indian *mummied* them last year. I'll have that red man's science from our Cosmo polite, some day—

Ah—Our Lady Commander of the Post has advised me that some other lady, away up in the Green Mountain regions, has made inquiry as to the best method of putting up and putting away in cans, to keep, green corn and peas.

Now, I wish that Vermont lady had written to me direct. How ready I would have been to sit right down and filled all four pages of a foolscap sheet with everything I knew about putting up corn, and beans, and peas, and cherries, and—and every thing else—only it is just possible I don't know the *best way*, by half a dozen or so.

Pshaw! I have forgotten again, that not more than ten people outside of this narrow neighborhood know anything of Madeline's existence, nor where to write her if they did. But I remember it now, and so I'll just tell the little I know about keeping things in cans, to The Post, and *it* can carry the knowledge to more people in a week than I could write to in a year.

Then, to begin with corn—I shall never attempt its salvation on the cob, or at least not until after I shall have rifled Cosmo of that Chippewa secret. To the best of my knowledge and belief, it is necessary to have the corn all sound, and not so far advanced as to be in the least glazed. My practice is to boil it fifteen minutes on the cob. That hardens the grains so that they can readily be shelled by inserting the blade of a case knife lengthwise between the rows and turning it over quickly to one side. The process is a trifle tedious, though after a little practice, one can shell a hundred ears an hour, and then it looks so much neater, and the corn will keep infinitely better than it will if *cut* from the cob.

I use, so near as I can guess, so much clean salt as would season the corn I am going to can, just as I like it if it were to be eaten at once. The salt I dissolve in enough pure rain, or soft water, to fill the jars one-sixth full. Then I put in corn until they are, as near as guess work can direct, three-quarters filled. The next proceeding is to set the jars—so many as I have accommodations for at a time, into cold water in a flat-bottomed kettle, the water reaching half way up the jars. The kettle is placed over a moderate fire, and remains there until the water both within and without the jars begins to bubble—not quite boil, and then the covers are clapped on and screwed firmly down in a hurry. The jars, after being thus treated, are allowed to cool off gradually, and, when cold, are put away in a dry, dark closet.

In canning corn, the jar should never be filled more than three-quarters full—else the swelling of the grains and the generation of gases will be liable to burst the jars, or force a vent about the cover, admitting the air, and the material will be spoiled.

Shell beans, string beans, and green peas, I put up in precisely the same manner; and all the small fruits go through a like process, only with them I omit the salt, of course, and supply its place with about the same quantity of sugar.

In case the material should at any time take on industrious habits, and exhibit a disposition to *work*, that may be remedied directly by re-heating, as in the original process of putting up. I have only once had any difficulty in that way; and then two of my neighbors, too busy with my affairs to attend to their own, prevented my taking the pains with the material, in putting it up, that is required.

I prefer the "Willoughby" glass jars, with the gum and metal stoppers, to all others. With glass jars you can always see the condition of the material, and doctor it when needful.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 12, 25, 15, is a metal.
My 24, 4, 11, is a very good drink.
My 6, 3, 1, 15, 23, is an insurance company.
My 17, 14, 5, 4, is a large city in Europe.
My 22, 26, 16, 17, 14, 4, was a President of the United States.
My 20, 4, 3, is a rebel general.
My 1, 14, 17, 26, 27, 12, 18, is a city in Canada.
My 26, 2, 13, 18, is one of the United States.
My 19, 9, 10, 2, 4, 17, is one of the ten figures used in Arithmetic.
My 3, 20, 4, 16, 2, 11, 15, 1, is a large animal.
My 10, 26, 13, 18, 22, 6, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 7, 21, 10, 14, 21, 9, 14, 27, was a French emperor.
My 17, 2, 13, 15, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 23, 10, 16, 20, 4, is a good fruit.
My 8, 2, 13, 20, 9, is a country of South America.
My 16, 6, 17, 20, 25, 21, 5, 2, 7, 24, is the English House of Congress.
My 6, 22, 4, 27, is at the end of every prayer.
My whole is a celebrated writing of our late President.

Galoria, Ill. F. G.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 7, 6, 5, 22, 9, is a State of A. U.
My 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 21, 12, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 3, 4, 21, 22, 8, 6, was a famous city in Rebeldom.
My 10, 21, 16, 13, is a county in Iowa.
My 20, 6, 19, 15, 17, 21, 4, 3, is a county in Iowa.
My 11, 8, 21, 13, is a Territory of the United States.
My 3, 14, 18, is a county in Illinois.
My whole is a distinguished General.

Nebraska. JOHN L. MARTIN.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in battle, but not in war.
My 2d is in here, but not in far.
My 3d is in pen, but not in ink.
My 4th is in thought, but not in think.
My 5th is in Grant, but not in Meade.
My 6th is in union, but not in secede.
My 7th is in oil, but not in well.
My 8th is in prison, but not in cell.
My 9th is in first, but not in last.
My 10th is in finish, but not in cast.
My 11th is in heart, but not in soul.
My 12th is in strive, but not in goal.
My 13th is in take, but not in give.
My 14th is in provide, but not in live.
My 15th is in gravel, but not in roof.
My 16th is in article, but not in proof.
My 17th is in brick, but not in wall.
My 18th is in tumble, but not in fall.
My 19th is in stale, but not in old.
My 20th is in heat, but not in cold.
My 21st is in school, but not in learn.
My 22d is in coffee, but not in urn.
My 23d is in near, but not in far.
My 24th is in land, but not in war.
My 25th is in whistle, but not in tune.
My 26th is in stars, but not in moon.
My 27th is in rail, but not in fence.
My 28th is in last, but not in commence.
My 29th is in valley, but not in dell.
My 30th is in spring, but not in well.
My 31st is in time, but not in hour.
My 32d is in seed, but not in flower.
My 33d is in reap, but not in sow.
My 34th is in plant, but not in mow.
My 35th is in army, but not in men.
My 36th is in four, but not in ten.
My 37th is in want, but not in will.
My 38th is in empty, but not in fill.
My 39th is in pink, but not in blue.
My 40th is in rot, but not in rue.
My 41st is in no, but not in yes.
My 42d is in company, but not in mess.
My 43d is in sell, but not in sold.
My 44th is in vein, but not in gold.
My 45th is in stone, but not in brick.
My 46th is in branch, but not in stick.
My whole should express the sentiments of every loyal citizen. MAUD.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain acute-angled triangle, the base measures 11 feet 3 inches; the altitude 8 feet 10 inches. Required, the length of the side of a square that can just be inscribed within this triangle. S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain triangle, the sides are respectively 7, 9, and 4 feet; the radius of a circle that can be just inscribed in this triangle is 23 inches. What is the area of the triangle?

S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What wicked king does a paragraph-clipping editor remind you of? Ans.—*Sisera*, of course.

☞ When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect? Ans.—When he drinks gin and—bitters.

☞ Why is a marriage-certificate like an article the public could not do without? Ans.—Because it's a *news paper*.

☞ Literary Note.—In what form did Burns address his departed Mary? Ans.—In a polygon (Polly gone), we presume.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—The Raising of Jairus' Daughter. ENIGMA—Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet. RIDDLE—Galley Slave. CHARADE—Brandywine.

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